



Affairs at Washington

By Joe Mitchell Chapple



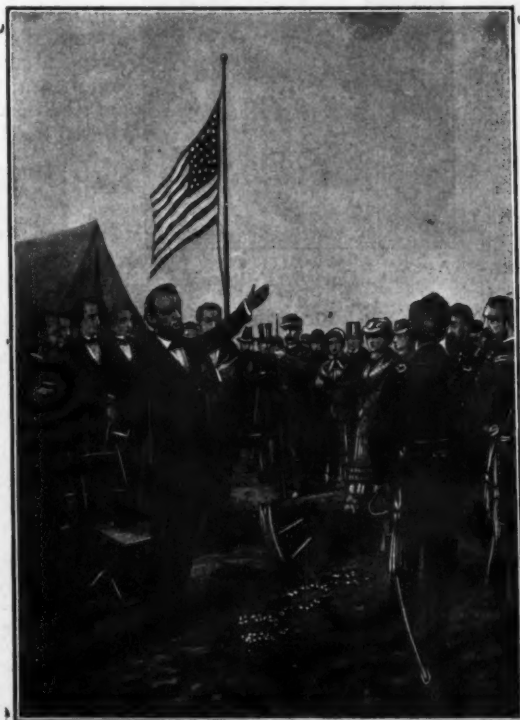
ACH recurring February finds Washington absorbed in honoring the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln. The two monuments are mute reminders of the love and veneration of the illustrious Father of his Country and the Preserver of the Union. In every school throughout the country exercises continue, indicating that Washington is not the only place where these two anniversaries are reverently and devotedly observed. A floodtide of oratory is loosed in the halls of the Capitol, following a custom that began with the Republic; for even while living Washington's Birthday was celebrated by the Continental Congress. In his early addresses at Washington natal day celebrations, Abraham Lincoln revealed his inspiration. He had early interpreted Washington's purpose in freeing his slaves and his continued appeals for the preservation of the Union of colonies which had become the United States of America.

THE outstanding and crowning achievement of Lincoln's career was the Gettysburg speech. The classic phrases are known to more people in entirety and more often quoted than the utterances of any statesman who ever lived. In foreign lands I have heard children repeating Lincoln's words in a tongue strange to me, and yet when that one word Lincoln was spoken it did not require translation. In far-off Mesopotamia, whence came Abraham and his flock, I heard a son of a noted sheik speak the name of Lincoln in repeating a translation of the Gettysburg lines. There was something in the way he said "Abraham" that reflected the undying reverence for the Christian name that Nancy Hawks gave the blue-eyed babe, born in a log cabin in old Kentucky, February 12, 1809.

AS Lincoln's birthday approaches there is a run on the Congressional Library. It is stated authoritatively that every Representative, every Sena-

tor and all candidates who ever anticipate some sort of political fame have made an address on Lincoln's birthday. Statesmen big and little and political aspirants of all sorts and conditions utilized the epochal day of the birth of the great emancipator to exploit some of their own ideas along with those accredited to "Honest Abe." As the years pass there seems to be more unanimity than ever that Abraham Lincoln was most of the time right in what he said, wrote or thought. Anyhow, his classic Gettysburg address has never been surpassed as a succinct and inspiring message to the youth and gratification to the elders to feel that it has been a privilege to live and mingle among those who knew Lincoln in the flesh. It is said that statues of Lincoln are now being smuggled into Russia, streets and parks and schools bear his name in fifty different countries. Now his fame has reached the stage when "A. Lincoln" is now possessed of verified genealogy harking back to the days of sturdy forebears in merrie old England when William the Conqueror made his excursion to the "tight little isle".

There will be an interesting array of Lincoln birthday addresses on February 12, A.D. 1930, that will indicate a revival of oratory along with the return of the long skirts.



Lincoln delivering his address at Gettysburg, November, 1863

APPROPRIATE to its namesake Washington anniversary celebrations at the Capitol City continue with the same exercises that have been the vogue since the beginning of the century. His farewell address is read on the floor of Congress and the portraits of Washington reappear in the windows. The stately monument gleams in the sunshine over the mirrored waters of the lagoon from the Lincoln Memorial where the heroic statue of the Emancipator looks directly down upon the shaft commemorating the enduring fame of Washington. Every scrap of paper touched by the pen of G. Washington is treasured by collectors as perhaps the most invaluable of all autographs. The pilgrimages made to Mount Vernon and the tomb on the banks of the Potomac continue unabated as in summer, springtime, autumn and winter, a continuous

tribute to the Father of his country without awaiting the returning date when he was born at Wakefield, on the banks of the same river where he rests in a peaceful tomb—a shrine of the liberty loving peoples.



Stuart Painting of George Washington

ON Lincoln's day the Illinois Congressional delegation usually assemble and pay tribute to their distinguished citizen with song, speech and music. The State song of Illinois contains a loving tribute to Lincoln. A picture of the old Wigwam in Chicago where he was nominated is brought out, as picturing the arena where Lincoln became the Gladiator-leader to defend the Union and the rights of human freedom. They also have the poster that was used in that eventful campaign, picturing Diogenes holding his lantern over the rugged features of Honest Abe, with the slogan:

*Diogenes his lantern needs no more.
An honest man is found! the search is o'er.*

In this same city of Chicago in the beautiful Lincoln Park stands the matchless statue of Abraham Lincoln, the masterpiece of Augustus Saint Gaudens. There are said to be over two thousand separate volumes written on Lincoln by various authors and nearly as many statues created by sculptors in all parts of the world. Authors, poets, sculptors or painters do not feel that their career is complete without Lincoln conceptions.

WHILE governor of the state of Maine, Carl E. Milliken became greatly interested in the subject of motion pictures. Upon retiring from office, he was invited by General Will H. Hays to become his assistant in the operations of the National Picture Producers Association. In this work he has rendered invaluable service, resulting from his knowledge of public affairs. All the various shades of prejudice and public opinion have been analyzed and taken into account in the making of motion pictures by a large number of the producers under the suggestions of Governor Milliken's department. Growing out of this work, Mrs. Thomas G. Winter, former

president of the Federation of Women's Club, which recognized the part the motion picture is playing in the emotional life of fifteen millions of people every day, inaugurated a movement that supplanted armed hostility for a better understanding of the situation between the people and the producers. As one newspaper remarked, "The producers were almost pathetically desirous of making better pictures than the people will endure" and Governor Milliken and Mrs. Winter helped to organize Public Opinion to point out the way.

WHATEVER may be the differences between Senator Borah and the President, the combatants manage to keep the details to themselves for it has not reached the letter writing stage. Rumor has it that the conversations are not adorned with rhetoric or expletives—it is a duel of fact-finding conclusions rather than fault-finding emotions. Prohibition has supplanted the Tariff as a bone of contention within the so-called Republican ranks. The blaze at the executive office has not been charged to fiery words coming from disappointed leaders, but does indicate that there were wires crossed between those who were united in bonds of party brotherhood during the political campaign. Politics continues to make strange bedfellows, but the latter day procedure indicates that some of the unfortunates are being kicked out of bed altogether, while others have very little coverings and have suffered from annoying "cold feet."

AS president of the Government Club in New York City, Mrs. George E. Owens, known to her colleagues as Betty Owens, has conducted a work that has attracted wide-spread commendation in Washington. The programs are broadcast and adhere strictly to governmental topics. There have been many eminent speakers, including General Summerall and members of the Cabinet. The work has resulted in Government Clubs being organized all over the country and the membership is largely women. Mrs. Owens is an impressive and enthusiastic leader. She has spent her life in a special study of governmental propositions. Prior to the World War she did active Red Cross work. This led to her being appointed captain in all sorts of government and war drives. Upon the entrance of the United States in the war she enlisted in the National Women's Army and



Hon. Carl E. Milliken

was given the rank of major in the Police Reserves. She was on call at the point of debarkation and embarkation night and day at the headquarters which covered the Atlantic coast line area. Upon retiring from service, she was made National Commander of the American World War Relief Association



Betty Owens, President of the Government Club in New York

In an incredibly short time money and supplies were provided to give emergency relief to disabled soldiers. They were housed and clothed and rehabilitated with the sympathetic encouragement by the volunteer workers. She provided for the Tupper Lake Tubercular Camp many thousands of dollars, which were given to Major Deegan who announced it as the first money he received from the Tubercular Camp. When this work was completed, she was elected president of the Government Club in 1919 and has served ten years. It was originally a suffrage organization, but Mrs. Owen had the Constitution rewritten, making it an organization to encourage and stimulate intelligent suffrage among the women of the country. The Club has members in all parts of the United States, and also in South America, Scotland and England, where they have heard the programs over the radio. She is also the founder and honorary president of the Chicago branch. Few women have given more time and ability to government work than Betty Owens, the beloved and popular leader of the Government Club, so widely known over the radio as a bundle of enthusiasm.

It is intimated at the Capitol that the solons who respond at times to the rollcalls have given more attention in the reading of a book entitled "The Specialist" than they have to the Congressional Record. Everyone seems to know about it—and then they just smile. While it has reference to an institution of more primitive days, the glory of Lemuel's achievements according to Chic Sale, the author, can never be supplanted in the march of progress. Interest has centered in the author, Chic Sale, who has long enjoyed a pre-eminent distinction in his unique acts on the stage, portraying American life in various phases through the medium of one personality. He has already taken his place as the author of a



Charles "Chic" Sale author of "The Specialist"—"All dressed up"

best seller, for it is variously stated that the sales have run into the millions. The one act of Charles Sale that to me surpasses even his fame as an author and his success as an impersonator is his interpretation of "The Man Who Knew Lincoln." It is the most touching Lincoln-esque bit of acting that I have ever witnessed, and will doubtless be Chic Sale's contribution to the Lincoln Birthday celebration.

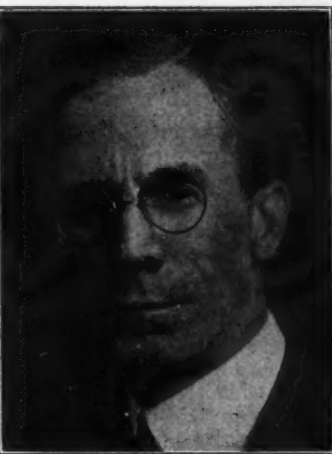
WHEN I hear a good radio program I think of that Nestor of entertainment enterprises, Mr. E. F. Albee. Out of his clear-headed plan and high-minded encouragement of vaudeville as demonstrated in the Keith enterprises, have come many of the popular programs of today. The "Amos 'n Andy" skit is an evidence of the same sort of entertain-



E. F. Albee, Father of modern vaudeville who did much to popularize this form of entertainment that is now heard in Radio

ment that filled the Keith houses in the days when modern vaudeville was in the making. Mr. Albee did more than just build programs and collect money at the box office. He built up the morale and personnel of the actors in establishing the National Vaudeville Association Club in New York. He was the first to beautify the theatres in a way that reflected credit to the artistic and orderly instinct of New England forebears. Although he began his career as a member of a circus, he has been identified with the highest class of public entertainment ever offered to the people. Few men have had a busier or more effective career in the theatrical history of the country, in a form of amusement that has become popular on the Radio.

UNDER the direction of Dr. Frank A. Goodman the Federated Churches of New York City have set a pace in providing for the work of the radio services of Doctors S. Parkes Cadman, Daniel A. Poling and Harry Emerson Fosdick. Sociological observers in Washington have stated that the radio services have done more to sustain all sects in religious interest than any other one medium. Dr. Goodman was a pioneer in developing this phase of religious activity and has helped to broaden the scope of religious services among all denominations. There are millions of people who are now familiar with the old hymns and the old tried and true forms of worship than ever before. Reports indicate that church attendance itself has been stimulated through the efficient work of such organizations as that which has been so ably directed by Dr. Goodman. Mere figures of the number of services broadcast throughout the years have even astounded the census experts who have been trying to analyze, define and register the facts and figures in reference to the religious activities of the country. The details of arranging music and programs, to say nothing of providing funds, are gigantic tasks, but Dr. Goodman loves his work. The results are a fulfillment of his dreams.



Dr. Frank A. Goodman, Manger Radio Programs Federated Churches

THE holiday season for 1929-1930 might be termed a "hot" time at the Capitol and the Executive Office.

During the progress of a Christmas party at the White House, the Executive office of President Hoover was badly damaged by fire. The Circular Room in which the President works was lapped with flames, so that the



Bust of Lincoln by Gutzon Borglum in The Rotunda

Executive he a d- quarters were removed to the State and War buildings across the street. Flames shooting from the roof on the dome of the Capitol at Washington furnished a spectacular scene for the firemen and spectators on the night of January 3rd. It started in the artist's room and for a time threatened the priceless art treasures of the Capitol. The smoke and water played havoc in the congressional rooms. In the Rotunda beneath there stood out

that massive bust of Lincoln, made by Gutzon Borglum, one bit of statuary that the visitor to the Capitol never forgets. The incident also recalled vividly the fact that the original Capitol building of the United States, the corner stone of which was laid by George Washington was burnt by the British in 1814. As it stands today, the Capitol Building represents an investment of over \$15,-



Reproduction of an "Honest Abe" poster used in the first Lincoln Campaign, 1860

000,000 by Uncle Sam, while the grounds are appraised at \$10,000,000 representing the one structure in which every man, woman and child feels that he has an inherent and concrete ownership—by right of American deeds.

SPEAKING of fires, we are reminded that the most picturesque portraits of Lincoln are those of the lad reading and studying before the old fireplace by the light of a pine knot, and the other of Abraham Lincoln sitting before the smouldering embers of a fireplace at the Capitol in deep thought, with his great heart throbbing with sympathy for the soldiers in the field. He was accustomed upon returning from the War Department to sit down before the fire without removing his shawl or his tall hat, and indulge in those moments of solitude, during which the dreams of peace and the determination to save the Union and emancipate the slaves dominated. While the family and most of the nation were asleep, while soldiers were tented or fighting on the battlefields, Lincoln's great heart beat true and sympathetic with that of every human being. He seemed to possess the supreme virtues which are prone to think we have at least in part.

HOW appropriate that the Boy Scouts of America should celebrate their Twentieth Anniversary in the birth month of Washington and Lincoln. On February 8th, 1910 the Boy Scout movement was inaugurated in the United States. It was started in England in 1908 by General Lord Robert Baden-Powell of Gilwell, the hero of Mafeking. The purpose of the Movement has been character building and citizenship training for boys through activities based upon the legends of knighthood, chivalry and the lore of the plainsman and of the Indian. The imagination of boys was fired by the Baden-Powell program and three years after organization was perfected in England, the message of Scouting spread to America. Here it has grown with great rapidity and today there are nearly a million boys and leaders in the United States who are actively playing the game of Scouting. It is largely carried on by earnest volunteers, men who serve boyhood for the sake of the help they may give young boys. It is hard to find, for comparison, anything like the great corps of nearly 30,000 Scoutmasters who are leading and directing, without pay or compensation, except the satisfaction which comes of service rendered, the army of lads who comprise the Boy Scout membership. With these Scoutmasters, there are other volunteer groups, in all numbering more than 200,000 who are giving valuable service to Scouting, most of them counting this service by weeks, not hours or minutes, in each year. The movement provides activities diversified enough to meet the needs of all boys. This program has been so deftly built up that it cares for the city boy, the boy in the suburbs and the boy on the farm and in the small town or village. Under the supervision of the Department of Rural Scouting, thousands of country boys have an opportunity to enjoy a Scouting program especially adapted to their every day needs. Country boys have difficulty owing to the problems of travel and farm tasks, in meeting at stated intervals with other boys. For them there is a special rural program suitable for an individual or small groups. The Boy Scout routine does not aim to turn a country boy into a city boy, or vice versa but it does seek to give to each a distinct program and opportunity for advancement and reinforcement in connection with his own home and the business of his family.

AWAKENED at six on the morning of January twenty-first, the radio fans in Washington, included the President, many eminent officials and even the pages in the Senate. The organ appropriately pealed forth a medley of British national airs as the delegations gathered in the House of Lords. There was a whirr of activity in that historic room, as His Majesty King George V en-

tered. His voice rang out with an echo as he greeted the assembly. Then came the familiar tones of Secretary Stimson, naming Ramsay MacDonald as Chairman of the Conference. The response of the British Premier and all the other representatives followed in succession with translations interpolated. Many an American lay snugly in his bed as he turned on the radio and listened to the voices of those who were to deal with perhaps the most epoch-making problem of the ages. What a thrill there was to realize that millions of people were listening in to deliberations conducted in the ancient halls of the Parliament of Great Britain. This incident of itself perhaps did much towards bringing about the understandings that may ripen into a world friendliness unparalleled.

DESPITE the fact that Joseph Grundy made his entrance to the United States Senate after a stormy passage, it looks as if the machine-trained Pennsylvania solon will become one of the strong-arm men in the deliberative body which he was charged with leading into the by-ways of beneficent tariff schedule as a lobbyist. Whatever else may be said concerning the new Sylvania Senator, he is outspoken, frank and decisive and has a reputation of living up to his promises. He told candidate Hoover that he would have a million majority in Pennsylvania, but it fell short twelve thousand votes, he predicted for him the largest electoral vote ever received by any candidate and in that he was correct, but with all his enthusiasm he would not have ventured a prediction that he would be clothed in a senatorial toga within one year after the inauguration of Mr. Hoover. There is now more consideration than ever given to what "Mrs. Grundy" says to utilize the old saying in reference to a modern "Mr. Grundy." Senatorial life will not be difficult for the new Senator from William Penn's state. He probably knows more about what can be done and is done by a United States Senator than many of the old timers who have responded to the roll call while the alert Mr. Grundy was busy analyzing how to make these roll calls count in legislative acts.

WHEN Uncle Sam balanced his books for 1930 it was discovered that all the war debt settlements had been made with the exception of Russia and Armenia. The land symbolized by "Bear" is still recalcitrant and refuses to even make a motion towards liquidation even if recognition was assured and it was all agreeable



The far-famed statue of Lincoln by St. Gaudens in Lincoln Park, Chicago



Lincoln as a lad studying by the light of a pine knot



President Lincoln in his dreams before the White House Fireplace

to Senator Borah. The Post Office address of the government of Armenia is still missing so that no progress had been made for an adjustment with the country which the European powers kindly offered the United States as a mandatory prize. The half of it was offered to Uncle Sam but shrewd European cousins saw to it that the particular half generously offered brother Johnston did not contain any oil or mineral resources—so the rocks and barren steppes of ancient Armenia are without a mandatory power. This does not indicate any immediate prospect of a settlement made by them with the hope that they might revive the government in a country that possessed a king long before they adopted Christianity as the ruling faith. The Treasury Department are inclined to recommend charging off some of the hopeless accounts.

WITHIN the year I was with Mr. Arthur H. Geissler in Guatemala and saw something of his work there as American Minister. We had a revolution, an earthquake and a festal holiday within twenty-four hours. The work of the American Minister at Guatemala establishing stable and enduring relations made him a marked man for promotion in the State Department. It was not a surprise to his friends when President Hoover named him as Minister to Siam. This is the same Siam where John Barrett served with distinction as American Minister during the administration of Grover Cleveland



Mr. Arthur H. Geissler, new American Minister to Siam

and won a reputation as a diplomat that later led to his selection as director of the Pan-American Union. While Mr. Geissler is not what is called a career man, he has made a real career in his diplomatic work. He hails from Oklahoma and now after mastering Spanish he will take up the Siamese language and become an authority on the land of the Siamese twins, whom P. T. Barnum exploited in educating the people as to the ancient glory and impressive, unique history of the kingdom that later became the football between the nations of the Orient.

WHILE repairs were being made at the Executive Office—the State and War building was about the busiest spot in Washington. General John J. Pershing removed the relics of the “U. S. Generals” office while Executive, State and War Departments continued business under the same roof—with no casualties reported. Working together in close quarters, a new harvest of diplomatic promotions was made.

THE official statement in reference to the Haiti troubles differs from sensational newspaper reports. The students at the agricultural school at Damien, Haiti, went on strike on October 31. The Haitian Government had hitherto allotted \$10,000 per annum to this school for scholarships, but it had this year withheld \$2,000 of the appropriation in order to make it possible to pay needy students for practical farm work on the school grounds. The strike was declared as a protest against this new policy.

Sympathetic strikes were subsequently declared in the medical and law schools. President Borno appointed a committee of prominent Haitians to inquire into the matter, and it seemed probable for a time that recommendations presented by this committee and accepted by the authorities would adjust the difficulty. Certain political elements, however, inspired apparently by the approaching presidential election, took advantage of the situation to foment propaganda against the Haitian administration and endeavored to bring about strikes in other schools and among the Government employees.

The customhouse employees at Port au Prince abandoned their work, after destroying office furniture and mistreating and injuring two American officials. Neither official was seriously hurt. Subsequently some of the employees in the Financial Adviser's office walked out. A disorderly crowd gathered about the Ministry of Finance and entered the Financial Adviser's office, but without threatening the American officials. The situation was regarded as exceedingly serious because of the popular excitement and the danger of outbreaks by irresponsible elements. The situation in the cities of Port au Prince and Cape Haitien at last reports was quiet. Election was over and the movie cameras had moved.

NOW that the delegates at the London Conference are hard at work; Congress in full swing on legislation; the social season in Washington in full sway; prohibition arguments at white heat; the executive office restored; radio commission working with new tubes; railroads continuing under forced draft; stock market page forgotten; society butterflies flitting south; Lindbergh still flying; long skirts returning; the Specialist still selling; valentines still in vogue; baseball teams in training; taxes coming in and going out; new automobile plates distributed; we might go on and finish the page with statements terminated with semicolons, and insist that “all is well” as could be expected and the “Government at Washington still lives!”

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William Hodge in a Modern Detective Role

*His latest play "Inspector Kennedy" pronounced one of the best on Broadway by enthusiastic admirers
A fascinating riveting detective drama in which the murder mystery is swiftly solved in
the exact time that elapses between first and last curtain*

By JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

ALL the world loves a detective story. By the same token we include the detective play. When I heard a man on the train from New Haven proclaiming in the smoking room that William Hodge had the best play in New York I was interested, but when he discussed this modern detective play, he had a group of interested hearers burning with interest. Says I—any play that brings reactions related by word of mouth must be a good play.

Having recently seen William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes reviving memories of many years ago, I was keen to see how the world had progressed, in a "deteckative" way—as Booth Tarkington's young heroes would say it.

No need to apologize for this predilection for detective yarns. President Wilson, Dwight W. Morrow and many eminent men including Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, the celebrated radio preacher and President Hoover, have confessed to delight in following the sleuths as they unravel mysteries.

Life begins with wonderment and mystery and it closes with that same sort of mystic quest.

If patrons desire to have the full money's worth of their ticket, they must be in their seat when the curtain rises on Inspector Kennedy. On a darkened stage the action begins with shrieks and spoken lines that are significant and must be remembered if one is to enjoy the full measure of thrills. I observed people sitting on the edge of the seats, looking on intently and listening with ears cocked as if not to miss a word. It starts with a bang in the home of Dwight Mortover, specifically located on Sixty-eighth Street in New York. When the mystic switch in the house is turned on, it reveals a room furnished with relics of Chinese antiques. Shrieks from an opium victim being ejected from the house indicates that the plot is thickening as the story moves fast. Henry Herbert in the character of Dwight Mortover suggests Sir Henry Irving. Already one begins to appreciate witnessing a drama that is really acted.

It would not do to reveal all of the plot of "Inspector Kennedy." Well knit together, it is proof against picking to pieces, because it contains no apparent inconsistency.

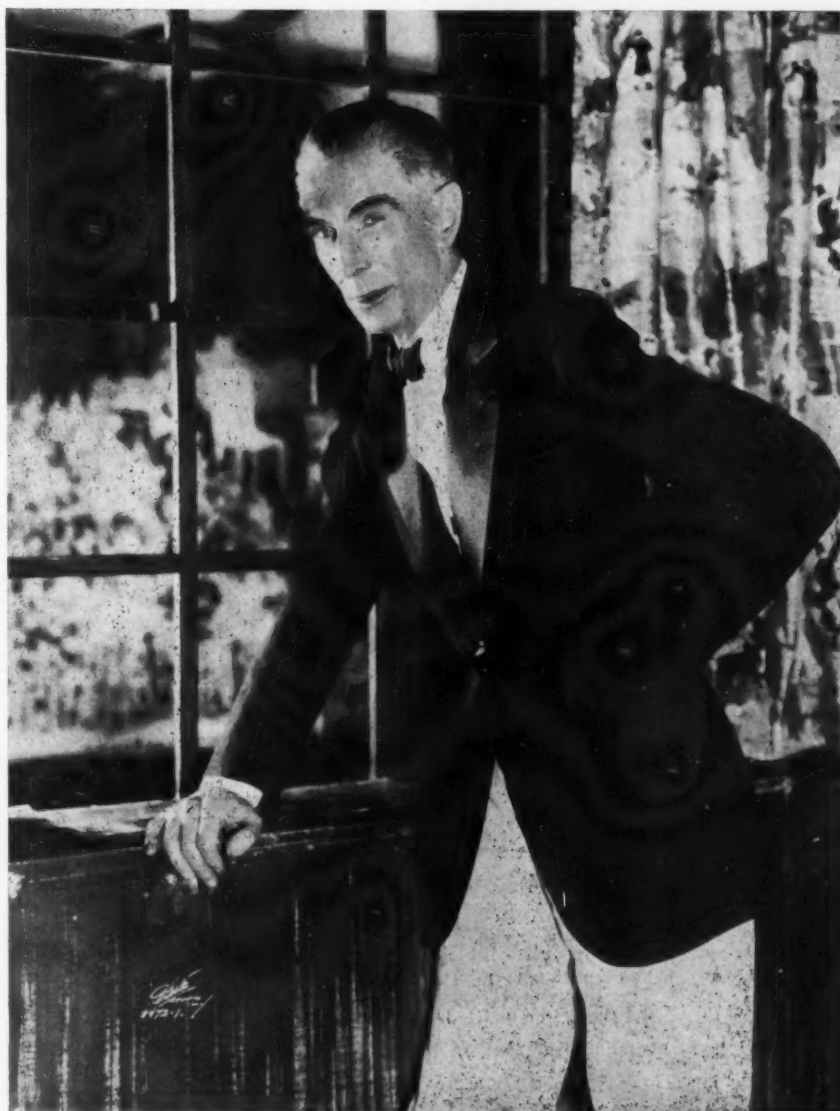
A succession of thrills follows from the time that Wong, a real Chinaman, first appears, giving the play the suggestion of opium smuggling.

In the second act, William Hodge as Inspector Kennedy, arrives upon the scene. Interest intensifies as he proceeds to unravel the mystery. The details of a homicide squad in action, even to finger-printing, is

portrayed. This gives a graphic idea of the processes of modern detective work. Police routine has been verified in every detail by Inspector Mulrooney of the New York Detective Bureau.

tions to clear up the case in a few hours, or within the length of time required in giving the play.

The droll humor and humaneness of William Hodge stands out preeminent, as he is



William Hodge now Playing in "Inspector Kennedy"

From the moment that William Hodge appears on the stage until the curtain falls, all eyes are focused on him, as the intricate routine required of modern detective work is developed. Baffled here and there with an epidemic of confessions, he proceeds by a process of elimination and uncanny intui-

one actor who understands what is required in a play and of the playwrights to sustain interest. He was the author of many of his most successful plays.

Ever since William Hodge held Broadway audiences for a run of more than a year in "The Man from Home" he has been

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The Mystery of the Twelfth Juror

A thrilling story of an inside tragedy of a jury room—Fate of human life swings in the balance while the vote is being taken by twelve men good true men who represent the law's concession to justice—Related

By J. BERNARD LYNCH

THE trial of John Hartel, charged with robbery and first degree murder, neared its end. Evidence, wholly circumstantial, but strongly incriminating, left the defence little upon which to build. Facts, in deadly sequence, were marshalled by the state in such manner that the case seemed complete in every detail but one. The weapon with which the crime had been committed was "not forthcoming."

The attorney for the defence stressed this omission and certainly made the most of it. His plea was to effect that no chain of evidence should convict while the most important link was broken—further, that no one should be adjudged guilty when there existed reasonable doubts to the contrary. His address, while both able and eloquent, and ending in an impassioned request for consideration of a sorrowing and destitute family, was in itself a tacit admission of hopelessness. After its close the district attorney rose to address the court. His very attitude evidenced a feeling of ample fortification by fact. With a neat obeisance to the judge, and a fleeting smile of indulgence to the defendant counsel, he began:

"Your honor and gentlemen of the jury: First allow me to acknowledge my brother's rare gift of eloquence, and his obvious sympathy for the unfortunate defendant and his family. Admittedly, their plight invokes pity. But if the law is to function for the protection of all, we must disregard the emotions and pass judgment on proven testimony alone, in all cases of capital crime. Your sworn duty is to render a verdict on the evidence, no matter what it evolves. It is not your province to temper justice with mercy, that being the inalienable right of the court itself.

"It is not necessary to remind you that my able brother had little to offer in defence. That the evidence introduced by the state is supported by competent testimony must be admitted. And too much importance should not be attached to the fact that the dagger with which the crime was committed could not be offered in evidence. If a case be otherwise complete why should just punishment for crime fail because the criminal has cleverly disposed of his weapon?

"Let us sum up the evidence.

"On the evening of March 27, 1929, Cyrus Rugg was found dead in the living room of his residence in the town of Oldham. Murder was evident. Martha Wilkes, housekeeper, discovered the body. Motive for the crime was provided in that the safe was found open, while the metal box in which Rugg kept money and securities, had disappeared.

"Mrs. Wilkes testified that Mr. Rugg's sole visitor that evening was John Hartel. She fixed his arrival definitely at 8.30, and soon after heard angry words interchanged by the two men. At approximately 9 o'clock Hartel went out. In accordance with his action on previous visits he did not summon the housekeeper, but left unescorted, slamming the door.

"Fifteen minutes later Mrs. Wilkes, following her usual habit, went to say good-night to her employer. She found him dead in his chair, and at once telephoned for the police. Examination disclosed the fact that Cyrus Rugg had been stabbed three times with a dagger or long pointed knife; and that there was no means of egress from the room except by way of the front door, every window even having been locked on the inside. The presence of any other caller without her knowledge would, the housekeeper testified, have been an impossibility.

"Records of the meteorologists of town, here introduced as evidence, showed that on March 27 rain began to fall at 8.45 P. M. The wet earth held valuable clues in visible footprints, and the only ones found by the police led directly from the home of the deceased to the house of John Hartel, less than a mile away. When the police arrived at Hartel's they found him in the kitchen, weeping, his head bowed upon the table. In reply to their questions he not only admitted his visit to Cyrus Rugg, but confessed to a quarrel because Rugg refused an extension of time on an overdue mortgage on the Hartel home.

"As you have been informed by witnesses—the police—this mortgage, torn into small pieces, together with \$1500 in currency, were found in the missing metal box, hidden under the table in the kitchen. Other securities which, according to a record kept by the deceased, should have been in the box, had evidently been disposed of. Knowledge of the box and its contents was denied by the defendant, who claimed inability to explain how they came to be secreted in his kitchen. Contention of defense that Hartel's handling of the metal box would have been indicated by finger prints, is easily offset. Hartel need only to have worn gloves.

"Our case, I believe, is complete. We have established a motive for the crime, need for money and distress at threatened foreclosure of a mortgage. Both money and mortgage are found in the home of the man who needed them most, and this not 15 minutes after discovery of the crime. Had this mortgage been foreclosed at noon next day, in accordance with the known plan of the deceased, John Hartel and his family would have been turned out of doors.

"In conclusion, preponderance of evidence permits of but one decision. Gentlemen, I ask you to find for the state. There can be no other verdict, if the ends of justice are to be served. I thank you."

The judge's charge, brief and impartial, followed. Then, after receiving final instructions, the jury filed out.

In the jury room, under lock and key with guards stationed outside the door, twelve men took their places about a table, lit cigars and cigarettes, and began deliberations. After a preliminary discussion, a ballot was taken, the tally showed eleven in favor of conviction—one against!

There was dead silence for a moment following the foreman's announcement of the decision, then each man looked askance at his neighbor as if to inquire "Are you the man?" "Crank, rank individualist or able liar when you declared yourself not averse to capital punishment?" One or two mouths were opened when the foreman made a commanding gesture and said firmly, "Gentlemen, I suggest that we resume our discussion." And to himself he said, "I believe that the next ballot will find us in agreement." After another brief period the second ballot was taken—but the results were the same!

The silence that ensued this time was longer. The men divided into groups, and there was an enhancing of the awkward feeling of distrust which had come to take its place in the room with them. Several walked apart from the groups, and with fretted foreheads each appeared to question his own sincerity. Could it be possible there was something in the testimony that all did not see? The foreman paced restlessly up and down. Suddenly he stopped and asked the question which the others wished answered. "Will the dissenting juror declare himself?" he begged. There was no response. "Then we should take another ballot," he suggested.

Again the slips of paper were passed, quickly inscribed and deposited in the box. The foreman was deliberate in his count. When it was finished he said, with a smile, "This time the verdict is unanimous."

"You lie!" shouted Juror Bemis, who up to then had been scarcely noticed by his more aggressive confreres. Leaping from his chair and pointing a finger at the foreman, "My ballot was marked 'not guilty' and you know it!"

Ten jurymen stared amazedly, but the foreman merely smiled again. "Of course," he made haste to reply. "I've served on juries before. My bit of intrigue was to promote a better understanding. Now if you are open to conviction—"

"I'm not!" thundered Juror Bemis, insignificant no longer. "You may prate until the judge is too feeble to sit and until you are too old to understand that justice is often both blind and stupid, but my vote must still be 'not guilty.' If you are in haste to reach your homes, report a disagreement."

As abruptly as he began his speech, he brought it to an end, turned his back, and going to a table in the rear of the room, began to write furiously.

Eleven men conferred in whispered bewilderance, the only sound breaking the tense silence being the spasmodic scratching of Juror Bemis' pen as it raced across the paper. Presently he rose and faced his critics. "Gentlemen, I have arrived at a definite conclusion," he said, "and anything you may urge will not change my mind. If our foreman wants action, let him secure permission for us to return, making me the scapegoat. Not only do I seek further instructions, but I have to report new evidence."

There was no understanding him, that was apparent. So, in an obvious determination to humor him, the foreman transmitted the request to the bailiffs, and in another five minutes the jury moved back to their places, where a hushed and expectant court waited their finding.

"Has the jury arrived at a verdict?" monotoned an official.

"We have not," answered the foreman. "We are here to secure further information for the only dissenting juror, Mr. Bemis. He also seeks permission to offer new evidence."

To offer new evidence—a juror with new evidence! The amazing character of such a proposal set the court agog. A juror, sworn to remain uninfluenced, gravitating for days between court room and the "no-man's land" of strict neutrality is shut up in a jury room for an hour or so and emerges with "new evidence." The opposing counsel, understanding nothing, but willing to appear adequate, hustled to the bar. The judge deliberated, then issued an ultimatum.

"A request for further instructions is quite proper, but the offering of new evidence by a juror, regardless of what such evidence may be or what its acceptance may entail, is absolutely irregular if not minus precedent. I cannot reopen the case without consent of counsel."

Defendant counsel signified consent, but the District Attorney hesitated. His face reflected surprise—even curiosity—yet he perhaps thought it a matter of safety to continue the status quo. At length, however, his glance traveled back from the features of the twelfth juror to the waiting judge. "As your honor says," he observed, "the request is quite without precedent."

Still—the state also agrees and waives its rights in order that Juror Bemis may qualify as a witness."

"Juror Bemis may proceed," ordered the judge.

"Your honor, counsel, and fellow members of the jury," began the juror. "I beg you to hear me through without interruption. I will certify the facts offered in evidence before I am through."

"From reliable information of a source you will not question, I have learned that the murderer of Cyrus Rugg neither entered nor left through the regular hall door, but via a secret passageway that leads from a cleverly disguised wall panel in the Rugg living room. This passageway, known to few beside the deceased, extends underground for some distance and comes out upon the state highway."

"As explained by defendant counsel, Cyrus Rugg was a money grabber, loaning at usurious interest; a modern Shylock who exacted his pound of flesh and took delight in profiting by the misfortunes of his victims. He had reason to fear the vengeance of some and the secret passage was constructed in preparation for some possible emergency, when revenge should seek him out. Perhaps buoyed up by knowledge of its existence, it was his boast that he showed no mercy and expected none, his business being done within the law."

"The murderer was one of his victims, a man who lost all because Cyrus Rugg refused to extend grace in an hour of need and laughed to scorn plans which were based on his own adroit suggestions. Not contented with the initial failure, many hardships in the years that followed had inception in the summary actions of heartless Cyrus Rugg. After brooding long over his continuous distresses, the victim sought to give punishment in his turn. Biding his time, he trailed the movements of Rugg, and learned of the secret passage. On the evening of March 27 the man who hated the money lender, already a murderer in his determination, satisfied himself that Rugg was at home, then came through the secret passage, and stopped just outside the panel door when he heard voices."

"The visitor, as was brought out in evidence, was John Hartel, the defendant, come to plead for an extension of time. That conversation is a matter of record. The caller urged, as reason for the favor, that he had been ill for over a year, unable to earn a living; that his wife was also ailing, while his children were in need of the bare necessities of life. As was to be expected, Cyrus Rugg listened only to laugh and refuse. When Rugg derided the man as a helpless fool Hartel resented the opprobrium angrily, then tore away wildly enough—but without harming the cruel old man."

"The would-be murderer heard all in his

place of hiding and sympathy with another whose fate seemed similar to his own, made him more determined than ever in his revengeful plan. Stepping forth he came behind Cyrus Rugg as the latter sat at his desk, and instantly stabbed him three times. Lingered only to see the old man crumple into his chair, the killer went to the open safe and secured the cash box containing money and securities."

"His first interest had been to wreak vengeance on the man who had wronged him, but the story of John Hartel had reopened old wounds and caused them to bleed afresh. The poor have much in common—he knew exactly what Hartel was suffering for want of money. Therefore, after burning the securities that were in the box, he took out the Hartel mortgage, tore it into several pieces and returned it with the money."

"He made his escape as he had come. With the address of Hartel on the mortgage to guide him, he started to the street and number in his machine, which had been parked near the state highway. As he had planned, he was first at the Hartel home. He drove to the rear of the house, lifted a window and deposited the box under a table just inside. It was a clumsy device, but he had no time to do the trick better. Hartel would, he believed, at once descry the box and accept its contents—perhaps as heaven sent, perhaps as indicating sudden change of heart on the part of Rugg. At any rate, the money would tide over the family until better days, and the torn mortgage would tell its own story."

"Good intentions oft err sadly. Instead of causing happiness, the plan brought further suffering upon the luckless head of Hartel. Realization of this has weighed more heavily on the conscience of the murderer than any feeling of guilt for the actual killing. Humbly he seeks to make amends. He has signed a confession."

"A confession!" exclaimed the District Attorney, stepping forward. "Where is it?"

"Here!" was the startling reply of Juror Bemis, reaching into his pocket.

The District Attorney turned over the hastily scribbled sheets of paper, until his eyes rested with astonishment on the last page.

"But—but—" he stammered, "I fail to understand—the signature is 'Albert Bemis.' Is not that your name?"

"It is," was the reply, in a calm tone. "I am the man who killed Cyrus Rugg."

He turned his face defiantly toward a court silent with awe. Then, "I promised you unqualified evidence," he said, with a kind of weird exultation. "Here it is!" From his hip pocket he drew forth a weapon and held it high that all might see. "The dagger with which the deed was done, still stained with the blood of the meanest man in Oldham."



Seeing the Shows in Lil' Ol' New York

The family goes for a vacation in busy New York on a campaign to "see the shows" and look upon real breathing human beings on the stage and animated shadows upon the screen

TALK about making plans for a summer vacation! Our family thrill came when it was proposed to make a pilgrimage to New York just to "see the shows on Broadway." The family had filed an unanimous request to "take Pa and Ma" to New York City for a "little change,"—no matter how hard it hit the "change" in the family exchequer. Stately Susan, just seventeen, and busy Betty, now turning seven, argued for Father. He needs recreation, and Mother should have a rest—New York was just the place to get away from market men, laundry men, house to house salesmen, to say nothing of the flock of featherheads that had begun calling on Susan. "Jack," emerging into long trousers at fourteen, with a voice ranging from treble to low bass, insisted that it was his duty to attend the Auto Show in New York and "look after the family auto needs for 1930." William, the elder, with the suspicion of a budding moustache that comes with nineteen years, deliberated and declared decisively that it was "essential to go to New York once a year for educative purposes" and shake off the old ruts and "keep up to date in his psychology." The problems of neckties, aviation, radio and the talkies were prominently mentioned in the presentation of his schedule.

With the quartet of "two pair," a twain of boys and a duo of girls, Mother and Father completed the "sextette" off to see the shows! Betty, already starting her music lessons, had heard the Sextette over the radio and thought the family should rehearse this operatic gem and be prepared for a seat in the horseshoe circle at Grand Opera, "If you know how to sing Rigoletto how much better the opera will sound" pleaded Betty—"And I can wear my new dress!"

First came Grand Opera with Gigli and Lucretia Bori in the cast; William had on his dress suit, Susan wore grandmother's brooch; Jack was busy reading the list of box holders, planning a tour around the circle to read the brass plates in the doors, names often mentioned in the society column. "You know I expect to have a dress suit next year for the Junior Prom at High School, and big Bill will have nothing on me." Betty was all agog insisting that some day she would have a dress with a trailer on; Mother had settled down in the corner and Father answered

questions coming thick and fast that seemed to interest the people about us during the interval, more than the actors on the stage during the play. That night appeared many of the candidates for the Atwater Kent National Audition prize, a group that greatly interested Susan with her quiet ambitions to some day sing in opera. The opera was "Boheme." Perhaps we have an odd family, for they were all interested every minute in that opera and discussed it as we walked home through the jam of carriages amid the bright lights



The Star of "Bitter Sweet", Evelyn Laye

of Broadway, feeling that we had started our tour of seeing shows in New York, as Jack commented, "like real high-hatters from Boston." He had observed the opera hats and could not get over seeing so many women smoking in the lounge room. "Gosh, I was kind of proud of Susan and Ma as about the only guys that were not puffing cigarettes, even if Bill and Pa did set a bad example, and think they were the real society stuff."

Then came the Auto Show scheduled for daylight hours to save more night hours "or the theatres. When the family ballotted on "what to see"—there was confusion. The critics had panned all the decent shows, while extolling dramatic art not fit for a respectable family to witness in a group. But Mother settled it by suggesting that each one select a play and the "tribe" was to follow without a murmur, Father was to provide the tickets without protest, but all must go together—"Just as if we were out for an auto ride," said Mother.

Down Forty-Second Street and up Lexington Avenue the family trooped to the Grand Palace. There were salesmen in dress suits and a business-like intent among the visitors to select a new car. The front wheel drive attracted Jack who gave his expert opinion which baffled the salesman. The increase of eight cylinder cars was the dominant feature, indicating an increase of the consumption of gasoline. Every one of the three thousand and one accessories appertaining to automobiles were exhibited—covering a range from paint to plush cushions. Each new device attracted attention, while the silver-plated engines whirled before the eyes of alert Americans ready to pass judgment upon the year's record of automobile engineers. Betty had to try the front seat in every car and stately Susan and Mother were attracted by those incidental furnishings that often determine the selection; but William was sceptical and ready to give advice, while Jack's comments were so outspoken that his mother had to put on the brakes. While mention could be made of each individual car, favorable and otherwise, it was finally decided to retain old "Betsey" for 1930, even if an old model, and spent the extra money for gasoline and see more of the country. The sequel was that when we returned and looked upon the beauty and splendor of the Auto Show home in Mechanics Hall with its wealth of apple blossoms and apple trees, Jack insisted that Boston had the best Auto Show and Susan said that it takes Chester Campbell to prepare an Auto Show that made her finally want to have a new limousine.

When the excursion party for the "Seeing of Shows" cruise marched in military fashion amid the bright lights of Upper Broadway they were joined by Uncle Joseph Devlin. They were headed to see George

Arliss in "Disraeli." Dr. Devlin was a young reporter in London during Disraeli's time and gave us the right pronunciation with the long "a" to begin with, for was he not a Ph.D., LL.D., M.A. etc., who had edited dictionaries. The Warner Bros. scored the big hit in this season of talking pictures. Arliss seemed quite as much himself in animated shadows as in real life on the stage. The incident when Lady Beaconsfield crushed her finger in the cab door just before he was to make a speech and never mentioning it was characteristic of this helpmate who stood by her husband in the struggle and making of an empire and combatting political intrigue. The dry humor of Arliss has helped to immortalize the Beaconsfield with the curl. "It was just like reading a book," commented the meditative Susan, as she keenly followed Beaconsfield's interest in the love affairs of the young couple. There was an unanimous sigh of approval in our little group, fifth row back, as Disraeli marched down the great throne room towards Queen Victoria to bestow upon her new honors as Empress of India. "I am glad he won," shouted Jack, as the curtain lowered, to the amusement of others about us, while Mother kept her restraining glance focussed on the enthusiastic young talkie fan.

We all arose instinctively as the mechanical music broke forth into the strains of "God Save the King." "That proves that it is all over," Betty shouted to Jack, gathering up programs and a box of chocolates left on the seat by a lovelorn couple she had been watching, much to the embarrassment of the watchful mother.

It was indeed "a wonderful night" when the flock gathered in a balcony box to see the revival by the Shuberts of Johann Strauss' opera under the title "A Wonderful Night." It was another gala occasion of family agreement. Mother, Father, Susan and everyone reveled in the fascinating waltz music that preserves memories of the gay Vienna of Strauss' time. Jack was bewitched with the revolving stage and got excited for fear it might jump the track and shake loose a car door. It was one round of entertainment. There was personal interest in the appearance of Mary McCoy, because the children had heard her on the radio,—witching and piquant she shared honors with the charming prima donna, who runs a real mercantile business on Broadway in the day time and spends her recreating evening on the stage—and she knows her business and work at all times. We left with Jack trying to whistle the waltz tune struggling to revive the old tradition of making a show "go" by sending the people home with a ringing refrain in their head. "The tenor dodged high notes," observed Susan. The chairs wobbled and broke down, but Mary McCoy insisted the show

must go on as she kicked the derelict 19th century fixtures aside and refused to take further chances.

* * *

Visions of Becky Sharpe and Tess came to the minds of Mother and me when with the family we saw Mrs. Fiske in her modern Portia role of "Ladies of the Jury." It is modern all right and provides an interesting glimpse of "a jury room" to oncoming jury candidates, male and female, in the audience. "Will I have to do that," sighed Betty. "Is that what they call night clubs?" Jack wisely informed her, "Naw, if you you wasn't a girl you'd know better." Mrs. Fiske maintains her distinctive mannerism of touching her eyelashes and moving the play with her swift-spoken sentences with that same subtle sense of humor associated with the story of Thackeray's novel. Her new play will provide a varied repertoire such as fits the ever-popular and perennial Minnie Maddern Fiske. "Did you note that in all the play she was the only



A Scene from "The Taming of the Shrew" showing Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

woman character that didn't smoke a cigarette, and yet was mistress of the situation at all times," said Mother. This was said for Susan's ear, but Betty overheard. "Perhaps she had candy and did not worry about her double chin." Altogether it was a social night for the audience made up of society folk who are always interested in any play in which the name of Minnie Maddern Fiske appears in the cast.

* * *

Mother and the girls voted that "Bitter Sweet" was the outstanding play of the season for them, and William and Jack assented with reservations. The audience was made up of young people. Mother and I reflected as we looked over the sea of faces and realized that we were perhaps the oldest people in the theatre. We had just been congratulating ourselves on how we were retaining youth and growing up with the family. When the witching strains of

the music by Noel Coward, the composer, who takes a prominent part in the production, were played, there was a sense of soothing satisfaction to all concerned. It was a compromise between the jazz and the melodious music of the stirring seventies and the naughty nineties, to say nothing of the exhilarating eighties. The costumes covering the different periods of the play were a fashion exhibit in themselves. From the moment that Evelyn Laye appeared as the elderly dowager dame and told her romance by turning back the clock of time and revealing her own love affair, she won the hearts of every auditor. To us of elder days it recalled the charming personality of Maude Adams, for women seemed to love Evelyn Laye—and that is the supreme test. In her early years they told her she could not sing, but she overcame the handicaps and is today one of the most popular and winsome prima donnas of her time. Between the acts we witnessed the real play. It was a complete fashion show when the young people appeared in the

smoking room. There was a large representation of young debutantes with long skirts, exhibiting about everything known in Paris. The transition from short skirts to the trailers may be as sudden and radical as was the elimination of bustles. In a few years we may look with wonderment on the styles of the early twentieth century as a most ridiculous and unnecessary display of feminine legs.

The production was altogether worthy of a Ziegfeld who has glorified the American girl and has helped in the innovation of new styles of feminine attire.

From start to finish this modestly announced operette provided more real all-round satisfaction to the family group than any other single play; for even William was naturally interested in the bevy of beautiful girls both on the stage and off the stage, while Jack said "the duel was a corker, and I liked that music teacher that was kilt! No wonder the beautiful lady stayed by him, even if she had to sing in a cabaret."

The strains of "Bitter Sweet" followed us on to the hotel room and were even being echoed in the restaurant where we stopped to have an "after-theatre bite" to satisfy Betty's curiosity as to why people should eat two suppers in one night.

* * *

As the family circle settled down to see the "Duchess of Chicago" unfortunately named—I felt that George Barr McCutcheon or Oppenheim had had a hand in building the clever musical comedy. The dances were as clean as the lines and the open warfare between jazz and the melody of Vienna was a battle to the finish with love conquering, despite the purchase of the old

castles and the plot of the motion-picture man, with "titles" of abandoned nobility quoted at low prices on the Chicago Stock Exchanges. The story, by Julius Brammer and Alfred Guenwald, concerns the efforts



Mary Pickford in "The Taming of the Shrew"

of a rich American damsel from Chicago who travels overseas to win the grand prize offered by her wealthy club by acquiring the most difficult thing to buy in all Europe. The Crown Prince Sandor of Sylvaria and his palace strike her fancy and then the fun starts.

Walter Woolf was at once recruited in Betty's gallery of heroes, while Susan was pensive and silent when he sang magical love songs to the music of the waltz and the Hungarian "Czardas." Perhaps the play points a moral and adorns the tale and is out of place for the modern audience, but our family voted "The Duchess" a superb triumph for the Shuberts, no matter what its box office fate might be.

* * *

After an evening with William Gillette and Sherlock Holmes, Father was invited to light his pipe and unravel some of the mysterious problems of the play which the youngsters had missed, because a party of late comers trooped in and obscured the view while those about lost the lines at a critical moment in "Sherlock Holmes." Gillette was at his best and proved that Sherlock Holmes was more than a revival. It was a worthy continuance of real values worth-while in theatrical productions. He was greeted by a shower of letters from admirers in all parts of the world, including Conan Doyle, the creator of Sherlock Holmes. The audience was of a character that indicated that detective plays still attract the society folks. Betty was busy rubbing the window sills for finger prints and Jack figured out just how the lighted cigar was placed on the window sill. Susan admitted that she didn't blame the young girl for falling in love with the middle-aged detective. Mother had a hard time getting the brood to bed that night, for Jack had un-

earthed a copy of Conan Doyle and was determined to straighten out the plot before he slept.

* * *

There was one show just off Broadway that caught the fancy of the family. It was a brief program of "talking pictures" on the news of the day. William insisted it saved time reading the newspapers and Jack said it was worth a quarter just to hear Rockefeller's musical talkie voice. Sedate Susan thought that Ramsey MacDonald's son's comments on the American girl was just like a conceited Englishman. Betty followed the aviation pictures and revealed a remarkable knowledge of the mechanism of the new Curtiss machine that won the \$100,000 prize. In a few minutes that crowded auditorium was given a glimpse of events all over the world on the shimmering screen and with it the voices in their own language of many foreign countries, even to what sounded like a jargon in Japan to the grunts of the Hottentots of Africa and the chitter-chatter of court life in Europe, mingled with vociferous cheering of American crowds at sporting events.



Grace Brinkley in "The Duchess of Chicago"

Then came George Michael Cohan in his new play entitled "Gambling." First it was thought that the name of the play itself would meet the censorship of Mother, but she decided that any play in which George Cohan appeared must be alright. It was another one of the flock of murder plays that have been in vogue during the season. In "Gambling" George Cohan solves the mystery while you wait, in a modern way, and provides a peep at the Biltmore crowd at Al Draper's gambling house, with a reference to Bradley's at Palm Beach. The solution of the murder mystery hung in the balance while George Cohan worked it out in alert American fashion, walking to and fro across the stage, as only George can pace. Mr. Cohan did not want to try this play out in his home, Boston town. He was on his way to meet his "sound picture" destiny "over there" which is Hollywood, and preserve for posterity that Cohanesque voice.

Of course, Susan, the society pride of the family, selected Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford in their new play, "The Taming of the Shrew" as one attraction that she "must see" in New York. As a young girl she had received an autographed picture from the popular Mary Pickford when she was playing Pollyanna, curls and all. It had been kept in her bedroom all these years, but she was not prepared for Mary Pickford and Shakespeare in one package. "Why does she try to be an actress when she is just perfect as her own girlish self in pictures?" Matters were not helped when wise William commented, "It's a funny thing to see a man making love to his own wife. I like Doug better when he is fighting sixteen men at one time, and climbing over walls. Their voices don't mean a thing to me, for Doug ought to have a real bass voice to go with the deep stuff he plays." And so the family chat continued until Jack rubbed his eyes and Betty commented very conclusively, "The movies are just as good at home as they are in New York. Pa, what do they have flowers for in front of the stage in New York. Is it a funeral, or are they just naming the baby?" Just then along came Mother and said, "It is time for Baby to be in bed" while Betty pouted, "I won't be a baby long if I stay in New York, and see any more of Susan's plays."

* * *

Everyone seems to have a favorite actor, sort of a idol of the footlights, and Susan was just old enough to appreciate Jane Cowl when she attended the theatre for the first time. There was a charm about Jane Cowl that remained with her, and she pleaded for one night with Jane Cowl who was playing "Jenny." The "favorite" was quite herself, but it did not seem just right to have her playing a comedy part, according to Susan, and her prudish, puritanical notions were not quite reconciled to Jenny's luring away a married man from his family, no matter how unhappy or "misunderstood" he

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William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes

Senator Hamilton Kean of New Jersey

Sketch of the U. S. Senator of New Jersey Who Carries on the Traditions of Farm Life in His Native State and Honors the Position Held by His Brother

By WESLEY STANGER

A GLANCE at biographical facts concerning U. S. Senator Hamilton Fish Kean of New Jersey, reveals that he was born on a farm, the son of a farmer with an ancestry that has always lived close to the soil. Born a farmer's boy does not necessarily follow that he should have been a "poor farmer boy," for he was not, but his father held fast to those old traditions of the pioneers who made this country in the belief that a boy should know how to work and how to take care of himself. When Hamilton Fish Kean was a small boy on the New Jersey farm, he tended cattle, worked in the fields and did everything that any other farmer boy of the time of the Civil War did. He learned what a day's work is and just how much labor it takes to earn a day's pay. His parents believed in education and were able to give him whatever he needed, and his experiences in school also bear out the level-headed and stern aspects of his ancestry for he was educated in the district school first, then the elementary schools in Elizabeth, New Jersey, and for his academic course was sent to that good old New England seminary; St. Paul's of Concord, New Hampshire. Here he lived the life of a boarding school boy of the early seventies and studied hard, for St. Paul's was famous for discipline and high scholastic requirements. Lucky is the man who has graduated from that school, for it is doubtful if there is any school on the continent where, in the post Civil War days, that gave boys half the thoroughness that was a daily requirement here. Then as if to see that young Kean did not fall into easy ways, he was sent to Stevens' Institute at Hoboken, that good old school of engineering, founded by a man who believed in work and plenty of it reflecting a spirit that pervades the class rooms and the campus of this institution. Taken all in all, Senator Kean received a thorough, even if a hard, education.

The next step was to choose a business, as he did not like engineering although he had accomplished much in his studies and after leaving school. Banking had the greatest appeal and he became a clerk in

the banking house of John S. Kennedy and Co. It is evident that he showed a special aptitude for this line of work as he has become one of the really eminent bankers of New York. All of the time, during the forty-five years that he has been a banker, his early training as a farmer boy has stood him in good stead, for he developed large sections of New Jersey. His judgment of land values has been referred to as uncanny.

ship of the Republican Party in his township, county, city, state and later in National life. It is interesting to note, that in everything he has done, he has never ceased to run the farm. In fact he operates two large ones in New Jersey and still lives on the farm in the very house where he, his ten brothers and sisters were born and where his father and grandfather were also born.

The old homestead, known as "Liberty Hall" is an interesting and extremely historical place. The senator from New Jersey was born in the second year of the Civil War, raised under the shadow of the trees where the first continental governor of New Jersey lived, located on the road over which Washington and his army fought their way on the retreat to Morristown.

Liberty Hall was erected long before the American Revolution. It was the only house not burned by the British when they captured Elizabethtown and the Jerseys.

It was built by William Livingston, uncle of Mr. Kean's great grandmother and the first Revolutionary Governor of New Jersey. It is a large, well-built colonial mansion and is one of the historic landmarks of the state. It is filled with many trophies of the early colonies. Senator Kean possesses one of the finest collections of historic documents in this country together with an art gallery of early Americans that is priceless. It might almost be said that the history of Colonial New Jersey centers around the home. Every one of the early leaders of the American Revolution with probably not one exception stayed there at one time or another. Washington occupied rooms as guest. Alexander Hamilton was entertained by the original owner. Aaron Burr lived in "Liberty Hall," and the walls of the old mansion hold many a secret that would be startling if only the walls could talk. So interested has been the Senator in all things of historic value that attach to the early history of the country that he has made deep research and compiled great volumes of interesting authenticated facts with documents and signatures of the patriots.



Hon. Hamilton Fish Kean, United States Senator for New Jersey

In the matter of values as applied to land and buildings, both his engineering and farm experiences have played a large part. Every thing that has come into the life of this busy man has been made to serve a useful purpose. School activities as a leader from the time he was in the district school, all tended toward his future leader-

He traced the history of the great urge for liberty that inspired the patriots back to its original source in England and all the way to the Magna Charta. He felt that this great document had a direct bearing on American Independence and some years ago managed to secure special permission from the British Government to have a photograph of the world famous document made to add to his collection in "Liberty Hall."

All this has had an effect and influence, for Senator Hamilton Kean is an intensely patriotic man and a great lover of his country, proven in a hundred ways. Two sons gave service to his country in the world war, both of them distinguishing themselves, one receiving the Distinguished Service Cross and the other suffering from gunshot and wounds received in the front line of attack,

Combining his political activities, Senatorial duties, banking business and his love of history with his innate affection for the soil, Senator Kean is a breeder of fine cattle and high grade strains of chickens. Almost every week-end, except when he is in Washington, he may be found on the farm, actively engaged in not only managing the farm, but in taking his turn at the work that has to be done to keep a farm what it should be. A consistent exhibitor at all of the local live stock and chicken exhibitions he is a patron of the county and state fairs, for his cattle and fowls are always prominent at fair time, reared on farms that are models in every way. For years he has encouraged farmers from surrounding country to visit his home and observe the methods he is using, encouraging them to utilize modern machinery and modern methods giving demonstrations for their benefit all during the summer months.

The following is a tribute I found in a book discovered in my travels through New Jersey.

"For twenty successive years Hamilton Fish was elected to membership in the Republican County Committee of Union County, serving for a time as treasurer and later as its chairman. He was then elected as a member of the Republican State Committee, in which capacity he was appointed with Newton A. K. Bugbee, chairman of the committee, and the late David Baird, as a committee to conduct the Presidential campaign of Charles Evans Hughes in New Jersey in 1916. Had other states supported Mr. Hughes as did New Jersey, he would have been elected by a rousing plurality. The state was carried by approximately 67,000. In this same year Mr. Kean was honored by his fellow Republicans of New Jersey in being selected as one of four delegates at large to the Republican National Convention at Chicago. Up to the time he resigned to become a senatorial candidate, he was one of the most active members of the Republican National Committee and held a place of large influence as one of its ablest and trusted counsellors.

"The name Kean has stood for sterling, loyal American Citizenship ever since it loomed large in the public eye more than a century and a half ago. It has won added honors through Mr. Kean's two sons, Capt. John Kean 2nd and Robert Winthrop Kean, who were at the front with the A. E. F. in the World War. The younger of the two sons, Robert Winthrop, received the Distinguished Service Cross, 'for extraordinary heroism in action' and his brother was wounded and gassed while leading C. Company of the 313th Machine Gun Battalion (Suicide squad) of the 80th division, in a desperate dash in the face of artillery fire.

"As a party man and as a citizen as well as a man of large and varied business affairs, Hamilton F. Kean has always made it his unflinching duty to live up to the cherished ideals of loyalty and service. A man of sterling qualities, he has endeared himself to a host of friends by his genial, kindly ways. Those who know him best, like him best."

In this sketch of a busy life, mention has been made of the Senator and his two sons and it is meet that the mother of these two boys should receive her due. Mrs. Kean's maiden name was Katherine Winthrop. She is a direct descendant of Governor Winthrop of colonial Massachusetts. She too, comes from a long and distinguished line of ancestors and is of the blood of patriots. A beautiful mother, a good neighbor. Quiet, unassuming, always ready to lend a hand where it seems necessary; interested in her family, her husband and their activities. A good counsellor to a busy man and a constant, faithful guide to her boys. Her friends are numbered in the hundreds, yes thousands and she is honored wherever she appears, at home and abroad. She is familiar with Washington Diplomatic life and the life of foreign courts where she has been an honored guest. Her sister, wife of the Honorable J. H. Van Royen, Minister for the Netherlands has long been a resident of Washington where she is well-known as a leader in diplomatic circles. The ancestors of both Senator and Mrs. Kean have been identified with the founding of this country, with the acquisition of its freedom and with the upbuilding of his career. New Jersey is proud of them both and it is a source of satisfaction to every Jerseyman to know that a man whose roots are deep in the soil of the United States sits as senator from this historic sovereign state.

Seeing the Shows in Lil' Ol' New York

Continued from page 206

may have declared himself. There isn't a dull moment with magnetic Jane Cowl behind the footlights.

Altogether the play was an object lesson for our little family circle and Daddy felt that he must step up a bit to keep up with the modern impressions of a family man. What a tender tribute to Mother when little Betty exclaimed. "That mother isn't like you, mamma."

* * *

The intellectual pabulum of the family clan would not have been complete without at least recording that we had seen John Drinkwater's play "A Bird in the Hand." The lines were an intellectual tonic, but understandable even to Jack and Betty who had had an afternoon nap. Drinkwater will always be remembered for his "Abraham Lincoln" which will ever remain an inspiration to youth in all lands. "A Bird in the Hand is worth two in the bush" in choosing a wholesome play for a

family group. More power to the strong right arm and virile pen of John Drinkwater.

* * *

Mother and I could tell the children all about the days of Edwin Booth and Richard Mansfield, when they conceded to mother's selection to see Walter Hampden in "Richelieu." As a dutiful son, William sent to the library and secured a copy of the play so that Susan and Jack would be properly informed. Betty was attracted by the bright red robes in the poster and said it might help her in starting her French lessons. With a dignity comporting to the manners of the days when Shakespeare was the vogue, the family marched to the box office as reverently as if they were going to church. The audience was impressive and the play superb. It was the one night that Mother and Father thought back to the courting days when it was a struggle to save enough money to see a Shakespeare play. Bulwer Lytton's plays and the set

of Shakespeare on the library shelves have been woefully neglected by the present generation, because they insist that they can see a Shakespeare play on the screen and save a lot of bother reading the fine print. You can imagine how the parental hearts were thrilled when the beloved baby of the family chirped up as the discussion continued as to whether "Richelieu" was really a great man in history:

"Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword."

"Where did you learn those lines?" inquired a doting father. "Susan told me about them. She said it would please Daddy, who has made his living with the pen." I looked at mother and mother looked at me for an editorial heart was thrilled with this tribute from little Betty, as she was put to bed, perhaps to dream of the mighty Richelieu in his red robes, the one historical character who paid his direct tribute to the fraternity wielding authorial pens.

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A Vendetta of the Hills

A graphic story of California in which the romantic past is welded to more prosaic days in a stirring and exciting plot that harks back to the time of the wild and woolly West when wrong was liable not to be legally punished, but relentlessly avenged

By WILLIS GEORGE EMERSON

DICK WILLOUGHBY was in a way happy in his retreat. At first he had been inclined to regret the jail delivery—it might have been the manlier part to have faced the music and cleared his name before the whole world. But then he reflected on the uncertainties of a trial, the cases of innocent men having suffered because of damning circumstantial evidence piled up against them, the vindictiveness of Ben Thurston and the undoubted power of his money to press the criminal charge by every unscrupulous means. So Dick soon came round to the belief that he might be safer for the time being in the guardianship of the White Wolf than at the mercy of a fallible jury.

Then there was Merle Farnsworth to consider. Yes; to have brought her into a public court, to have allowed her to plead for him by telling the story of Marshal Thurston's loathsome advances—that was a thing that could never have been tolerated. The leader of the jail-breaking gang had been right; Dick owed it to Merle to save her from such a cruel ordeal.

Finally Dick's contentment over his change of quarters was completed when Pierre Luzon appeared with a superb equipment of drawing instruments and materials. There was no time to worry now over surmises as to the wisdom of this course or the other course. Work lay to his hand—work of the most absorbing and delightful kind; and with all the ambitious enthusiasm of his temperament he tackled it wholeheartedly there and then. Hour after hour, day after day, Pierre watched in contemplative silence the methodical advancement of the task to which the young architect had applied himself.

But there were frequent intervals for conversation, sometimes in French, sometimes in English, as the mood prompted. Occasionally Pierre drifted into semi-confidential reminiscences, and Willoughby soon came to know in close detail the story of Don Manuel's life—the tragedy of his sister Rosetta's death, the vow of vengeance against Ben Thurston, the early bandit days when the White Wolf counted every gringo in the land his natural enemy, the often hairbreadth escapes of the outlaw, his sublime courage and nerve in the direst emergencies.

"Don Manuel was one great man," remarked Pierre at the close of one of these confidences—the phrase was a favorite one with the old Frenchman. "Many and many a time he could have shot his enemy from a distance and got away. But Don Manuel had vowed that he would kill him hand to hand—zat ze villain must die with a last malediction in his ear, and knowing zat it was he, ze White Wolf, who in ze end had avenged his sister's shame."

"He felt, too, didn't he, that his father had been wronged in being driven from San Antonio Rancho?"

"Sure—zat was another great wrong—zat was why Don Manuel was so bitter against all ze Americans. But he made zem pay for ze land many and many times over." Then Pierre, as was now his custom in Dick's presence when speaking at any length, lapsed into French as he continued: "But the White Wolf was a man of high honor. He never used any of the proceeds of his robberies for himself. True, he spent the money to pay his band, to pay the numerous scouts and spies whose services he secretly retained, to plan and accomplish further hold-ups, to defy and outwit the authorities. But on his own needs—never—not one dollar!"

Pierre went on to explain that after Ben Thurston had fled from California and kept away in hiding, Don Manuel had visited Spain, to claim the family estates in Valencia to which his father's death had left him the sole heir. These he had sold for many millions of dollars, and most of that money he kept in banks in London and Paris. So he was a very rich man, and had no need to rob anyone except to gratify his vengeance. Even the hoarded gold of Joaquin Murieta he had never touched. It remained intact today in the treasure vault of the cave, boxes and sacks of gold and jewels.

"Won't I be allowed to see this wonderful treasure?" asked Dick, half jesting.

"Perhaps, some day, if the White Wolf chooses to show you. But it is not for me to do that—I swore an oath of secrecy when the White Wolf trusted me—me and Felix Vasquez, who was also his confidant. But Vasquez was killed at Tulare Lake. So now only we two know the secret, and until the White Wolf himself dies my lips are sealed by the solemn oath I swore to the Virgin Mary."

The old man crossed himself devoutly.

"Then where does the White Wolf live now?"

"Ah, that is another secret. Again I would break my oath if I spoke one word."

"And Guadalupe—does she know these things?" asked Dick in English.

"Guadalupe? Oh, no," responded Pierre, politely adopting the change of language, "she is just one servant, our cook—one very excellent cook, as monsieur knows—and ze guardian of ze cave. For ze real white wolf guards Guadalupe—ze big animal is just like one tame dog to ze old squaw, but with his fierce jaws he would kill anyone who dared to approach her or come near ze hidden entrance to zis cavern. No man can ever find zat while ze white wolf is alive. In ze old days he killed several men when zey dared to follow Guadalupe."

"Then the white wolf must be very old?"

"As old as Guadalupe—as old as the Tehachapi mountains," exclaimed Pierre, again crossing himself and thereby revealing the superstitious dread in which he held the savage animal.

"But you can pass the white wolf, can't you?" asked Dick.

"Never—except when Guadalupe gives permission. Then ze wolf lies down and I can come out of ze cave or enter. Ah! ze white wolf is one terrible beast. But he never shows his teeth to Don Manuel. Only Don Manuel can pass when Guadalupe is not there."

"Then where is Guadalupe's rifle of gold—where is the lake of oil about which you told Tom Baker?"

"Come, I will show you zese," replied Pierre. As he rose he picked up the lantern he usually carried.

Dick jumped to his feet with alacrity and followed his guide.

They crossed the main cavern, then entered another side gallery. This had many windings and from it ran several diverging rock corridors. But Pierre led the way unfalteringly.

Fully half a mile must have been traversed when at last the Frenchman halted and swung his lantern aloft.

"Zere!" was all he said.

Dick followed the flash of the lantern, and there before him was a dark pool stretching away indefinitely into the blackness beyond. He bent down and scooped up a little of the fluid in his palm. It was a brown oil, as thin as water, and therefore capable of use without any refining process.

"Great Scott, this is wonderful!" exclaimed Dick in profound amazement.

"Very wonderful," concurred Pierre. "In zis cavern are oil and water, also gold—Guadalupe's gold. Ze gold is close to here. Come."

Pierre turned and again led the way through dark and winding corridors. At a little distance Dick became conscious of the purling of a running stream. Pierre stopped once more, but this time held the lantern close to the ground.

"Here Guadalupe come to wash out ze nuggets of gold, and since I have been in prison she buy with zem, so Mr. Baker say to me, groceries at ze store. Don Manuel, when I tell him, he very angry—she never do zat again."

"Poor old Buck Ashley!" laughed Dick. "He lost you, Pierre, and now he'll be losing his best-paying customer, too."

While speaking, he knelt and dipped his hands into the stream, bringing up some gravel into the lantern rays. But Pierre shook his head.

"You no find ze gold. Guadalupe wash

many hours to get, perhaps, just one nugget. But there is heaps and heaps, if ze miners came with spades and cradles."

"Great guns, there must be the reef, too. from which the nuggets have come!" exclaimed Dick, rising erect and dropping the handful of pebbles.

"Now, we must go back," said Pierre, "for zis evening you are to be allowed to come for a ride with me down ze mountains."

"You don't say?" Dick cried, surprised and delighted.

"Yes; Don Manuel he send word today that he give permission. But you must wear ze bandage round your eyes, and you must promise to return when I give ze word."

"Don't for one moment think, old fellow, that I would leave my drawings. But where are we going tonight?"

"To La Siesta," replied Pierre.

"Hurrah!" shouted Dick. "Hurry up, Pierre! I'm mighty glad you got me those ties and things from Los Angeles. You say you can give me a hair-cut?"

"Ze old-time bandit learned to trim ze hair of his friends as well as ze pocket-books of his enemies," was the laughing answer.

CHAPTER XXIII

The Unexpected Visitor

MOST of the cattle had been driven off the land. The vacqueros had dispersed to the four points of the compass. Chester Munson had vacated his room in Dick Willoughby's old home, and had taken up his residence and library duties at Mr. Robles' mansion on the hill. Sing Ling had folded his tent like the Arab and silently stolen away in the same direction. A small army of surveyors had appeared on the scene and were quartered in the rancho buildings.

The only one of the old-timers who still lingered on was Ben Thurston, more gloomy and morose than ever, seldom stirring out of doors now, but conducting all his business by telephone or through the agency of the sleuth, Leach Sharkey, his only companion.

Jack Rover had pitched his camp temporarily at the store. Buck Ashley had assigned him Pierre's cot, but the cowboy had fixed it under a wide-spreading sycamore, preferring to sleep in the open rather than share the grocery-perfumed atmosphere of the store building.

Tom Baker was around most of the time. The three men clung together with a vague sense that they had a common interest in the vast treasure which had so far eluded them, but which might any day come again within reach of their eager claws. It afforded an endless theme of conversation, varied by talk about the passing of the rancho and all the train of changes which were bound to follow the close settlement of the valley.

One morning Jack Rover found Buck at the door of the store, with a pair of antiquated-looking field glasses at his eyes.

"Where did you get the goggles, Buck?" asked Jack.

"Oh, I rummaged 'em out of a trunk—had almost forgot I had the blamed things. But we used to keep a sharp lookout in the old bandit days—got kinda ready for any suspicious lookin' riders on the road." He had spoken while still peering through the binoculars, but now he turned to Jack and proffered him the glasses. "I do wonder what 'n hell

we're all comin' to anyway. This here ranch that we've bragged up as bein' the biggest in all California! Ugh!" The grunt was one of unspeakable disgust. "Take a look for yourself."

Jack turned the glasses in the direction Buck had been gazing, and began to adjust the focus.

"What's the matter now?" he asked.

"Matter 'nough," growled the storekeeper. "San Antonio Rancho is goin' to the dogs. Do you see them specks away out yonder in the valley? That's another band of surveyors. One feller's peekin' through a spy-glass set on a tripod; another feller goes ahead and puts up tall stakes with big figgers on 'em, and the other fellers are chaining off the distances. This 'ere ranch 'll surely look like a checker-board blamed soon."

"Progress," said Jack, laconically.

"Progress, hell!" snapped Ashley. "These new fellers that bought the ranch have sure 'nuff driv' off all the cattle and now they're dividin' up the land. I bet they'll take the postoffice away from me—not that it pays much, for the Lord knows it don't—but it brings customers to my store."

"Well, Buck," said the cowboy, consolingly, "there are lots worse things than moving a postoffice. What's to prevent your setting up the finest grocery store in the new model city the advertisements speak about?"

"That would suit me fine, wouldn't it?" cried the old storekeeper, with seething contempt. "Goin' around in a biled shirt, and handin' out pencils and chewin' gum to the little school gals that'll be swarmin' all over the place. Not on your life, Jack! I'll be losin' both my postoffice and my store in these new-fangled times." He paused a moment, then his tone changed to one of aggressiveness. "However, they ain't built their doggoned new town yet, and it's my belief all this boom talk is just so much hot air."

"In any case you won't need to worry, Buck, after we get on the tracks of Pierre Luzon again. I intend to find the old squaw's sand-bar, or my name isn't Jack Rover."

"And I betcher I'm a-goin' to find Joaquin Murietta's cache," concurred the old man with equal determination.

Just then Tom Baker slouched out of the store, where he had overheard the conversation.

"Oh, things are a-goin' to turn out all right in the end, boys, don't fret over that. And there's one thing gol-dern certain, there'll be some great things doin' in this 'ere valley once they get started on buildin' the town. The new place will just spring up like Oklahomy City, or Liberal, Kansas, or some of them big towns that had twenty thousand people livin' in 'em inside o' thirty days from the time they were surveyed and laid out."

"That seems quite impossible," commented Jack.

"Not impossible by a derned sight. My brother was at Liberal, Kansas, down there on the Rock Island, near No Man's Land, you know. The new town had been talked of and talked of for mebbe three or four months, just as this new town is bein' talked about today. Then finally the mornin' came when the new town of Liberal was to be opened up. There was to be a regular town openin', so to speak, and a sale of lots. Why, great guns, when the management of that

town company rode into the station, on the early train, they found more'n ten thousand people right there campin' in covered wagons, tents and all that sorta business, just awaitin' for the auctioneerin' to start."

Tom paused to take a fresh chew of tobacco and then rambled on:

"I tell you, boys, that within thirty days there was twenty thousand people livin' in that 'ere town. Two banks were established, and one of them had one hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars in deposits, too. Oh, there's lots of people who remember the rush to Liberal, and the boomin' of Oklahomy City also. And history's fixin' to repeat itself right here on this 'ere ranch. Things will be sizzlin' when the town site is finally located and the rush starts pourin' in from Portland, Oregon, on the north, to San Diego on the south, with a few thousands from Texas and other states this side o' the Rocky Mountains. They'll sure be great doin's when the Los Angeles syndicate announce they've awarded to some feller that ten-thousand-dollar prize for the best plans for their ideal city, as they keep on callin' it."

"Munson and I were speaking about the contest and the prize," remarked Jack, "and were saying that if Dick Willoughby were only here, he'd almost win, hands down. You know he was an architect once, before he came West."

"Dick Willoughby," snorted Ashley, "how can he compete when he don't know anything about the blamed business? He's hid away, right enough."

"Munson knows a thing or two," remarked Tom Baker. "If he'd only speak, he could tell us where Dick is. That's my opinion."

"And there once again you're dead wrong," retorted Jack, warmly. "If Munson only knew where Dick is hiding, he would have got that very prize competition advertisement into his hands long before now. He's sore because he can't send Dick the word. Where is Dick Willoughby? By gad, it's a mystery."

"I guess you're right," said the sheriff. "That sort o' exonerates Munson from keepin' things from his partners. I think I owe it to Chester Munson to drink his health—just for ever doubtin' him. What shall it be, boys?"

And the open-air meeting adjourned.

It was the very evening of the day on which this conversation had been held in Buck Ashley's store that Dick Willoughby rode forth from the cavern blindfolded and under the guidance of Pierre Luzon. For the first hour progress was slow—round many turnings, down steep declivities, with just here and there a few miles of easier trail. But then there had been a swift canter for another hour over grass land, and now at last the riders were upon a well-made road. Dick divined that this must be the highway leading to La Siesta, but from what point of the compass they had come he had not the remotest conception.

Very soon Pierre Luzon, still riding ahead with the leading rein, came to a halt.

"Here we are. Dismount, please," he said. "You are free to remove ze bandage."

Dick looked; they were right below the knoll on which the Darlington home stood. Lights were gleaming from the windows. Dick could even hear the faint tinkle of the piano.

"I hide ze ponies here in zis little grove of trees," Pierre continued, pointing to a coppiece not fifty yards from the main road. "In two hours' time, at eleven o'clock"—Pierre looked at his watch in the bright moonlight—"monsieur will return. I have your word?"

"My word as a gentleman, Pierre," exclaimed Dick, extending his hand. "So long, then, old fellow. I've got to make the best use of my time."

The piano playing stopped abruptly when Willoughby, unannounced, appeared at the door of the music room.

"Dick!" exclaimed Merle delightedly, leaving the instrument and rushing toward him. If they had been alone Dick felt that right then she would have jumped into his arms. But at the distance of a few paces she halted and clasped her hands.

"How ever did you get here, Mr. Willoughby?" she asked intently.

"I rode here," he answered, as they shook hands. "But it is only a brief visit. Hallo, Miss Grace! I'm delighted to see you again. And you, Ches, old sport—why this is great luck to find you here! Mrs. Darlington, I'm mighty glad to see you all once more."

The whole bevy were crowding around him, shaking hands and expressing joyful surprise.

"We knew you were safe, that was all," explained Munson.

"So you were having just the same jolly good times, laughed Dick," glancing at the piano. "I'm simply dying for some music."

"But wait a minute," exclaimed Munson, drawing a fat wad of newspaper cuttings from his pocket. "I've got to tell you about a competition you must get into—new plans for an ideal city here—"

"In the heart of the old rancho," smiled Dick, as he completed the sentence. While he spoke, he placed his arm affectionately across his chum's shoulders. "I know all about it, old man. I'm working hard on my plans—they are already more than half done."

"Bravo!" shouted Munson. "That's great news."

"But here, too, is Mr. Robles," exclaimed Dick, breaking from the group and stepping across the room. "Excuse me, senor, but I did not notice you were here till this moment."

"No excuse needed, my friend. You were better engaged"—this with a humorous side-glance at the young ladies. "But I am glad to see you looking so well."

"Where have you been, Mr. Willoughby?" asked Grace.

"That I cannot tell you," replied Dick gravely. "I have pledged my solemn word. I must leave you at eleven o'clock, returning whence I came. And meanwhile nobody must ask me a single question about my place of hiding. There now—that's all. What shall it be first, Miss Merle, a piano solo or a duet with the violin?"

"Supper, I should say," exclaimed Mrs. Darlington, as she left the room.

CHAPTER XXIV

In a Tight Corner

DICK'S after-dark visit to La Siesta was only the first of several that followed at intervals of a few days. He came

and departed mysteriously, and during his brief stay every precaution was taken that no one except his few trusted friends should know of his presence. But by some means or other a whisper had reached the ear of the sleuth, Leach Sharkey, that the fugitive had been seen at the home of Mrs. Darlington.

When the news was imparted to Ben Thurston, the old man quivered from excitement.

"At La Siesta, do you tell me? Let us ride over there at once, and search the place from basement to attic."

"No, no," replied Sharkey. "I've got my scouts out. Don't you worry. We must wait till the night bird comes back. Then we'll trap him like a fat quail."

"All right. Have my automobile ready, and a bunch of well-armed fellows right here, so that we can make a rush over at a moment's notice. By God, I've been disappointed in everything else—lost my son, lost my ranch, lost my home. But I'm not going to lose that man. I'm going to get him, even if we shoot him down on sight as an outlawed fugitive from justice with a price on his head."

"We'll get him," answered Sharkey, with a grim smile. "You may count him a dead bird. I guessed he wouldn't keep away from his girl very long."

"His girl! Curse he—it was she who lured my son to his death. But I'll be avenged. If she has been harboring an outlaw, she, too, has broken the law and shall go to jail."

"Well, she no doubt thinks him innocent," suggested the sleuth.

"Innocent! All women are alike—treacherous devils at heart. I would give them the vote—yes, but the rope at the same time," he went on, growling in savage incoherence.

And Sharkey, knowing that discussion or contradiction only added fresh fuel to his vile temper, left him alone.

At last, a few nights later, a rider dashed up to Ben Thurston's house with the news that Dick Willoughby had been seen entering La Siesta, and that, following Sharkey's instructions, every avenue of escape was now guarded.

"Hurry, hurry, I've got to be in at the death," fairly screamed the old man.

Five minutes later the big seven-passenger automobile, carrying three or four armed men besides its owner and his personal guard, Leach Sharkey, was devouring the twenty miles of road that lay between the two ranch houses.

That evening the four young people were quietly chatting in the cosy corner on the interior verandah—the comfortable little nook fixed up with rugs and tapestries and oriental divans. It was summer now, and after a sultry day the night air was sweet and balmy. Willoughby was smoking a cigar in languid contentment with his surroundings, when all at once he sprang to his feet.

Tia Teresa had rushed in, frantic with excitement.

"A great big automobile is coming along the road," she cried, "and there are men watching outside the portico. Come with me," she went on, addressing Dick. "I know where your horses are hid. I can take you by a secret path through the oleanders."

Dick vaguely wondered why the duenna should know anything about his mode of

coming. But there was no time to question for just then there came the sound of voices outside.

Mrs. Darlington, pale and agitated, emerged from the drawing room.

"What has happened?" she asked breathlessly.

"I guess I'm trapped," replied Dick quietly. "No doubt it's old Thurston. There will be shooting if I resist. So there is nothing for it but to surrender."

"No, no," exclaimed Merle. "I dread that vindictive man. He must never get you in his power again. We must gain time to smuggle you out of the house. I have it. Tia Teresa—give me your mantilla and your cloak. Quick, quick!"

A first loud knocking had come on the door at the head of the portico steps. The duenna in a moment had divested herself of her loose black robe and heavy lace veil.

"Get something else to wear and meet us at the oleanders," continued Merle, taking the garments from Tia Teresa. "Put these on, Dick, and sit right there in that corner. Mr. Munson, turn off two or three of the lights. Mother, dear, control yourself. Take this book and be reading. Now, that will do. They will be here in a moment."

A second knock had been heard, and now they knew that the door was being opened without further ceremony, for at placid La Siesta there were no bolts or bars against unwelcome visitors.

In that brief minute a wonderful transformation scene had taken place in the cosy corner. Tia Teresa had disappeared. Munson was stretched on a sofa, puffing his cigar. Merle and Grace had been playing patience during the afternoon and had left the cards in scattered confusion. Mrs. Darlington, beneath the single incandescent aglow, was quietly reading. From the darksome corner the pretended duenna surveyed this peaceful scene of domesticity.

It was Ben Thurston himself who led the way for his swarm of myrmidons.

He began without formality; his tone was coarse and rude.

"We want the outlaw, Dick Willoughby. We know he is here. So make no fuss. Deliver him over."

Mrs. Darlington had risen to her feet, and Munson, too, had sprung erect.

"What do you mean?" asked the lady with quiet dignity.

"You know darned well what I mean."

Munson stepped forward, but he played the game best by keeping himself under perfect control.

"You will speak civilly, Mr. Thurston, or leave this house. What is wanted?" he added, turning to Leach Sharkey.

"We want Dick Willoughby, of course," the sleuth replied, politely enough. "We have reason to believe he is here."

"Well, you can see for yourself whether he is here or not," said Munson, glancing around. "But if you wish to look through the house, I don't suppose Mrs. Darlington will refuse you permission."

The lady bowed her acquiescence.

"With your consent, Mrs. Darlington," Munson went on, "I'll show these gentlemen round and save you the annoyance. Come along, then."

Ben Thurston had been fairly silenced by the army man's suave courtesy. He was

glowering at him, fully conscious of having been suppressed.

Munson turned from the sleuth.

"Perhaps Mr. Thurston would prefer to remain with the ladies?" he asked, with a touch of smiling irony.

"I don't leave my man Sharkey," replied Thurston gruffly. "Sharkey, keep close watch on me. We'll search the place, but you stay near me all the time." Once again there was the old hunted look in his eyes as he glanced apprehensively into the courtyard.

"Then follow me," said Munson quietly.

"You have left a guard at the door of course?" asked Thurston of Sharkey.

"Oh, you just allow me to know my business," replied the detective sharply. He bowed to Mrs. Darlington and her daughters. "I am really sorry to disturb you, ladies."

"Then get the business over as soon as possible," said Munson. "Come along."

The moment the coast was clear, Merle jumped up.

"Quick! Mr. Willoughby. Follow me downstairs. I'll take you through the kitchen to the rose gardens."

It was a strange looking duenna that stalked after Merle, with a robe reaching only to the knees. But at the head of the kitchen stairway Dick discarded the now useless garments, flinging them across the balustrade.

"We must trust to our good luck now, Merle," he said.

"Never fear. It won't desert us. Hurry on."

At the clump of oleanders they found Tia Teresa provided with another shawl. Not a moment was to be wasted in words. Merle just pressed Dick's hand by way of farewell. As he hastened away down the dark path, she, too, sped from the spot.

Perhaps fifteen minutes later Ben Thurston, going the round of the house, came to the head of the kitchen stairs. He saw the black cloak and mantilla on the balustrade.

"By God!" he cried with swift inspiration of what had happened. "We've been properly fooled! Where is that old hag of a duenna?"

Gathering the vestments in his hands he rushed through the house to the verandah. Merle was quietly seated with her mother and Grace. But there was no sign now of Tia Teresa.

Sharkey had followed close on his employer's heels. Munson came a few paces behind.

Ben Thurston glared for a moment at the vacant place where the black-robed figure had been seated. Then he turned round and, addressing Mrs. Darlington, fairly shouted:

"Where is Dick Willoughby? It was he who was wearing these damned clothes." And he flung the garments on the rug before her.

"No swearing, please," said Munson, tapping him on the shoulder.

"To hell! Who wouldn't swear? Where is the man I'm after?"

"An innocent man," exclaimed Merle, rising to her feet and proudly folding her arms.

"Looks like it—breaking jail and hiding in the hills," sneered Thurston. "He is nothing but a murderer and an outlaw. And I'm going to get him, dead or alive."

"Then catch him if you can," cried Merle,

pointing toward the door that opened on the portico.

Under the girl's fearless gaze Ben Thurston wilted. Baffled, humiliated, speechless in his impotent rage, he allowed the sleuth to take him by the arm and hustle him from the scene.

CHAPTER XXV

Love and Revenge

BEYOND the oleanders a tall thick hedge of cypress favored the flight of the fugitive. At the end of the gardens Tia Teresa took a little path that dipped into the river bed, and when they ascended again out of the hollow, Dick found himself quite close to the grove where Pierre was in hiding with the ponies.

By this time the young fellow was angry with himself for having fled so precipitately. He was full of solicitude for Merle. Why had not he remained to defend her from the brutality of that ruffian, Ben Thurston? This was the question that was now making him both ashamed and anxious.

"Hush!"

The caution came from Pierre, and showed that the Frenchman was alive to what had happened.

"I saw ze automobile rush by," he whispered. "We will ride across country, so zat it cannot follow us." He pointed in the direction he would go.

"Not yet," replied Dick, determinedly. "I'm off back to the house to see that they are all safe there."

"No, no, Mr. Willoughby," protested the duenna earnestly. "You heard what Miss Merle said—she is afraid of that raging old man. Besides I know. He has vowed that he and his hired gunmen will shoot you on sight. For my little girl's sake you must not go back," she implored.

"Besides your word of honor is pledged to me," added Luzon. "You must return wiz me. I have your parole."

"Parole be hanged," muttered Dick between his teeth.

The old Frenchman laid a kindly hand on the young man's shoulder.

"No, no, Monsieur is a man of honor. And honor comes before love—always."

"If you love her," insisted Tia Teresa, "you will save yourself tonight. We will look after her. You need not worry on her account."

Dick for the moment was silenced, but unconvinced.

"Well, at all events we'll wait a bit. I don't leave this spot till I'm sure that Ben Thurston himself has cleared."

"All right," assented Pierre. "Stay where you are, Tia Teresa. You must not be seen. Zey may be searching in ze gardens."

Even as he spoke there was the flash of a lantern among the rose bushes.

In tense silence they waited and watched. The leaden-winged minutes stole on. For a time lights flitted about, then vanished. At last came the "honk-honk" of the automobile, and a minute later the great machine with its flaring headlights swept down the roadway. They could just see that it was crowded with men. Then in a few seconds it disappeared around the bend.

"Now we go," said Pierre.

"Just a minute longer, please," replied Dick in a firm tone. "Tia Teresa, you slip back to the house. I will stay here till you

bring me word from Merle that she is safe and that all is well."

"I will soon return," said the duenna as she hurried away on her mission.

Again an interval of high-tensioned waiting. Neither Dick nor Pierre spoke a word. At last there came a rustle of the bushes from the direction of the river bed, and a moment later Tia Teresa was again by their side.

"Mr. Willoughby," she said, breathless from the speed she had made, "Miss Merle begs you to make good your escape. She is well, and happy because you are safe. She sends this rose and"—the old lady hesitated a moment—"her love."

"She said that?" murmured Dick, tremblingly, as he took the white blossom and breathed its fragrance.

"Well, does not the flower speak her love?" replied the duenna. "Now go, go."

"Come," said Pierre, as he raised himself into the saddle. "We shall fix the blindfold later on."

Dick furtively kissed the rose before he placed it in the breast pocket of his coat. Then he mounted, and, bringing his pony alongside of Pierre's, started off at a canter across the starlit plain.

Ben Thurston did not feel inclined to sleep that night. He paced his sitting room like an angry bear, and kept Leach Sharkey out of bed to listen to his growls and threatenings.

"By God, I'll have that girl shoved into jail. Harboring an outlaw! It's a criminal offense."

"You can't do it," objected the sleuth.

"Can't do it?" shouted Thurston, halting and glowering down upon the man who had dared to contradict him. "You'll see damned quick if I can't."

"Not one of us could swear that Willoughby was there. Neither you nor I could. We never saw him."

"He wore that disguise," thundered Thurston.

"So you think. But thinking ain't proof—not by a long chalk."

Thurston was now almost speechless from rage. Half articulate words of blasphemy were upon his stuttering lips. But Sharkey went coolly on.

"Besides the sympathy of everyone would be with the girl. You can't succeed that way. You yourself would be covered with ridicule."

At last the torrent of curses broke forth.

"Damn you, Leach Sharkey! That's what I pay you for, is it? To let that scoundrel slip through our very fingers? And you had the nerve to ask me for another big check this evening. It's all a confounded plot. You're bleeding me. Leach is your name, and leech is your nature."

Leach Sharkey rose to his feet. His white teeth gleamed as his short upper lip curled in a contemptuous smile. He raised a threatening finger. It was his turn now to give free vent to profanity.

"Stop right there, you doggoned old fool. I belled you, do I? Well, take my resignation. All your pay ain't worth another five minutes of your infernal temper. No man ever dared to browbeat me and insult me as you have done. And now you may go to hell—where you belong."

The sleuth turned on his heel, and strode to the doorway. But Thurston was after him in an instant, penitent, trembling, ashen

Face to Face with Presidents

Complete Script of the Popular Talks on Sunday Evenings between six and seven for National Broadcasting Company and Associated Stations from New York
by Joe Mitchell Chapple

ECHOES of the stirring campaign of '96 were heralding the arrival of the "Advance Agent of Prosperity"—as McKinley was christened by campaign followers. Far into election night the bands continued to serenade the "corner home" on Market Street in Canton, Ohio,—long after the final result was announced that William McKinley was President-elect of the United States.

(Medley of National airs as background)

A change in the political complexion brought the phalanx of office-seeking pilgrims to this little Ohio city. The greensward of the McKinley home was worn bare by the legions carrying torches and "full dinner pails"—empty of food—as symbols—in this initial presidential porch campaign. Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna arrived from Cleveland, with face aglow, eyes twinkling, as he handed out the last of the campaign stogies.

Joining the family circle, Hanna threw the dignified McKinley off his guard with a hearty bear hug. Weary with the day's work, the "Major" (as the President-elect was affectionately called) resumed his seat with his arm about his invalid wife—making a picture of domestic affection enthroned. Girls of the neighborhood dropped in and sang a number of favorite songs at the request of the host.

"You ought to be proud of your home talent," remarked Hanna, bowing gallantly.

"I am," responded McKinley with a smile.

"Why don't you request them to sing 'Louisiana Lou' and prove that you are up-to-date on your music?"

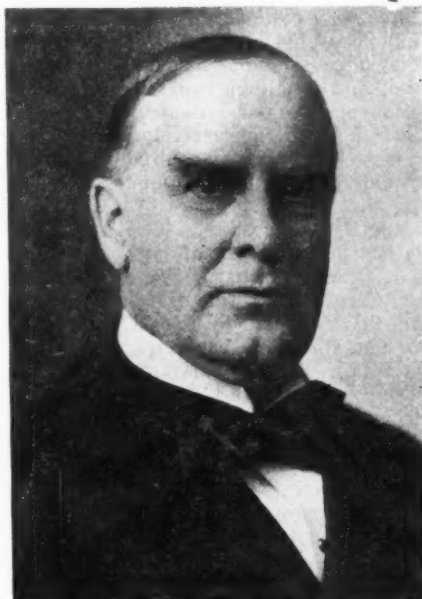
(Chorus—"Louisiana Lou")

The "knocking" and criticism of suggested cabinet appointment began bright and early "on the following day,"—as they say in the movies. The list included Hon. Elihu Root, the only one now living who has continued to grow all these years to full stature as an Elder Statesman, honored by his country and the world at large for distinguished public service, that is now concentrated upon the World Court, which promises to be the crowning achievement of his illustrious career.

A cool March wind was blowing on the classic Napoleonic features of William McKinley when he took the oath on the steps of the capitol. As President, he first greeted his mother, Nancy Allison McKinley. Looking up from her seat of

honor on the platform, smiling through tears of happiness, she exclaimed "That's my William!"

Fourteen years a resident in the national capital as Congressman, and the leading champion of the protective tariff, the name of McKinley was already associated throughout the country with the busy Washington date line. He was not regarded as a stranger when he took up his residence at the Executive Mansion.



William McKinley

A beautiful romance that persists in the traditions of Canton, Ohio, is the story of how the struggling young lawyer, William McKinley, wooed and won Ida Saxton, the belle of the town. She attended school in New York and her father counted on a brilliant match for his talented daughter. "Love laughs at locksmiths." She chose William McKinley as her life destiny. It was a real love match. Her father gave them his blessing and the home they occupied on their wedding day and from which they moved on to the White House.

The son of a Scotch-Irish father and Nancy Allison, daughter of an Ohio pioneer, McKinley's first purpose was an education. At seventeen he organized a debating society to discuss public questions—already a thinker. Young McKinley was familiar with the resounding forge of the foundry which his father owned,

which may account for his love for the stirring chorus from "Robin Hood."

(The "Armorer's Song" from Robin Hood and "The Tinker's Chorus")

In 1897 I ascended the steps to the second floor of the White House to keep an appointment with the President of the United States. As I entered, President McKinley was sitting in a little yellow chair at the head of the long cabinet table. With a kindly smile he gave greeting to me—a confessed office seeker—as I modestly referred to my merits and work in the campaign.

With a Scotch accent, I announced my ambition to become American Consul at Edinburgh, as simply as if I were asking for a glass of water.

He observed the burr on the words and smiled: "I see you are in training already."

"Yes," I continued with an accentuated burr, "I want to become Consul at Leith, the seaport of Edinburgh, and browse in the shade of historic Holyrood Castle and visit Melrose Abbey in moonlight, which I remember as a chromo on mother's parlor wall."

"Did your mother have a picture of Melrose Abbey at moonlight?" he inquired. I nodded. Smiling, he replied, "So did mine." We got together on the chromo proposition, for he concluded:

"I think it can be arranged."

After grasping his hand gratefully, I fairly bounded down the stairway.

At the foot of the stairs I met Uncle Mark Hanna, the Warwick of political affairs.

"The Major's appointed me American Consul at Edinburgh," I shouted.

Uncle Mark switched his cane, his dark eyes growing liquid with a twinkle as I repeated the information, with an extra burr on Edinburgh. With a quizzical smile he responded decisively:

"You'll not be confirmed."

Then I knew I wasn't.

Crestfallen, I walked down Pennsylvania Avenue to my modest hotel lodging. Later there was a telephone call from the White House. A telephone call in 1898 was as rare as a message dropped from an airplane. I hastened to the White House, rushed up the stairs, as Captain Loeffler, the door keeper, hustled me inside.

Before me stood William McKinley, benign and serene, with a sympathetic look. He said:

"I think it is best for you not to go."

"Yes," I replied, "I've seen Uncle Mark."

"How would you like to meet a prince of royal blood, who is to travel over the country incognito?"

Am not sure that I knew just what "incognito" meant, but it sounded good and I assented gleefully.

Later I was presented to a tall, angular, stoop-shouldered young man with a little down on his upper lip. As I had not caught his real name and observed that he spoke with an accent, I just called him Fritz, as he shook my hand in a cordial way.

"Where are you going first?" I enquired, after noting that the royal prince breathed, smiled, talked, walked, just like any other human being.

"I am to place a wreath at the tomb of George Washington."

At Mount Vernon he tenderly touched the flute which Washington had played, accompanied by Mary Custis at the harpsichord. When we visited the tomb he looked aloft after he placed the wreath on the marble sarcophagus and read aloud the inscription nestling in the green ivy: "Here lies George Washington."

"What a great thing to be 'Father of His Country,'" he added reverently.

Later as he said his "goodbyes" to Major McKinley, the President put his arm on his shoulders with a suggestion of filial affection.

The incident passed out of my mind, except that I had had the rare privilege of meeting a prince of royal blood traveling incognito, who loved to shake hands with people and was enthusiastically interested in everything American — especially in locomotives and machinery.

On that eventful August 1, 1914, the proclamation of a king flashed overseas. It began with the salutation "My fellow-citizens." I jumped from the breakfast table as I read the stirring words and exclaimed:

"That's Fritz!"

It recalled the kindly inspiration William McKinley had given the tall young prince on his first visit to America. This memorable royal proclamation was signed: "Albert, King of the Belgians!"

(Orchestra—"La Brabaconne"—Belgian Anthem)

Enter Mr. George Bruce Cortelyou, who began his public service as stenographer with President Cleveland and succeeded John Addison Porter of Hartford as McKinley's secretary. Out of this service and rare experience with the beloved McKinley, Cortelyou was fitted and chosen to hold three Cabinet positions under Roosevelt. A few days ago I asked him as to the outstanding quality in McKinley's character. His reply was "Courage," the same sort of courage that won for McKinley the brevet rank of major from President Lincoln while serving as a private in a regiment commanded by General Rutherford B. Hayes.

Cortelyou's close intimacies with McKinley enhanced his deep affection for the Chief, whom he so loyally served to the tragic end. He even cared for the widow and helped with the memorial at Canton provided from the contributions of over

a million children in this and foreign lands.

While the pansy was a favorite flower of Mrs. McKinley, the Major chose the scarlet carnation, which he wore nearly every day in the buttonhole of his Prince Albert coat, which, when opened, revealed a spacious background of white vest.

When callers at the White House included a child, President McKinley invariably took the carnation from his buttonhole and presented it graciously, with a bow, to some little boy or girl in line. His greetings seemed like invocations and his partings like benedictions of friendliness.

He often attended the theatre with Uncle Mark Hanna, who owned an opera house in Cleveland and always had free tickets. Hanna commented that McKinley liked any sort of music—from a hurdy-gurdy to a grand opera.

The Dingley Tariff Bill passed April 1, 1897, but it was no April Fool joke, for the people have to be educated to tariff bills or they explode on election day.

In one of his chats with us boys, McKinley discussed the basic value of education and a college course:

"Education is a requirement of all times," he said impressively. "Luck will not last—you cannot count upon it; but knowledge—what you know—is something that is not subject to the hazard of bankruptcy proceedings. Labor is the only key to real opportunity."

Fra Elbert Hubbard, the Philistine of East Aurora, sent the first proof of his immortal "Message to Garcia" to McKinley. The story was based on the incident of Captain Rowan carrying a message across the jungles of Cuba that had much to do with the destiny of the Pearl of Antilles. After reading Hubbard's thrilling classic, people of that day played ping pong as a relief, for Fra insisted it was his popular game supplanting parlor croquet as an indoor sport.

An elimination of secretive methods in business came with the increased use of X-ray. Professor Langley was busy at the Smithsonian Institute with Professor Bell developing a heavier than air flying machine made of steel. When he declared that an expenditure of one horse-power in horizontal flight made it possible to sustain a load of two hundred pounds through the air at a speed of fifty miles an hour, there were jeers of doubt. Although his first test failed, his plans for an aerodrome as a part of war defense of the future came to pass at that time without thought of the tragic shadows of battles in the air witnessed in the World War.

Can I ever forget those tense days of early '98 at the White House! President McKinley, with ghastly pallor on his cheeks and the deep wrinkles under his eyes, indicated his struggles against the insistent call for war against Spain. As a soldier he knew what followed in the wake of war—and waited, praying to avert hostilities.

An insistent delegation of eminents called and made imperative demand for

immediate action. McKinley quietly gave his message to Secretary Cortelyou: "Lock it in the safe." McKinley refused to send his message to Congress until he had heard from Fitzhugh Lee in Cuba that every American was safe.

After a day of vexatious suspense, the mail brought a letter from a prominent solon, sharply blaming the President for delay that had seriously interfered with the Senator's political fences at home. McKinley read the letter with a compassionate smile on his face, and handed it back to Cortelyou with the grim comment: "Big men, little men: file!"

A monster mass meeting had been held demanding the independence of Cuba and that warships be sent to Havana. The battleship *Maine* was sent to the Pearl of the Antilles as a hopeful harbinger of peace.

News flashed on February 15, 1898, that hundreds of brave American lads had perished in the blowing up of the *Maine*. The slogan sprang to every lip "Remember the *Maine*." Still hoping for peace, the investigations of a few weeks resulted in the ultimatum to Spain with a declaration of war April 19th, the 123d anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, where the shot was fired "heard round the world." Four days later 125,000 volunteers were called for by President McKinley. The South and the North again united, responded to the call to the colors, as they marched away singing:

(Band and chorus—"Goodbye, Dolly Gray")

At the White House I saw a little man with gray beard walking briskly towards the President's office. It was "Fighting Joe" Wheeler, the intrepid Confederate cavalry leader, who was given one of the first important commands by Major McKinley of the Union Army. Sectional feeling of the Civil War was swept away in the fervor of patriotism. An appropriation of fifty millions was placed in the hands of McKinley by Congress without reserve to expend as he saw fit in prosecuting the war—an expression of personal confidence in a President unprecedented.

Resigning from his desk as Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Theodore Roosevelt promptly enlisted as a Lieutenant-colonel in the regiment of Rough Riders under the command of General Leonard Wood and was off! The country was ablaze with the excitement of war as troops were rushed to camps and steamships for embarkation.

(Chorus—"Ta-ra Boom-de-a")

The white Navy was painted a grim leaden color and decks were cleared for action. Dewey was cabled at Hongkong by Secretary Long to proceed to the Philippines and destroy the Spanish ships. Sampson and Schley were despatched to Cuban waters. The Oregon was ordered from the Pacific on that eventful dash around Cape Horn under command of Captain Clarke.

On Sunday, the first of May, 1898, a cable flash indicated that Dewey had met and destroyed the Spanish fleet in the

Philippines. He had sailed into a mined harbor with the same dauntless spirit revealed when he was with Farragut at Mobile Bay, a young lieutenant. Lashed to a mast, Farragut had given utterance to that inspiring classic of naval history: "Damn the torpedoes, full speed ahead."

With the cool bravery of a Green Mountain lad, Dewey gave an order that has also become a naval tradition. Calmly surveying the shore line from the deck of the *Olympia*, he issued the order as quietly as if he were asking for another cup of coffee:

"Gridley, when you are ready, fire."

The shots that followed brought the first victory that thrilled the world.

Cervera's fleet was bottled in Santiago harbor and young Richard Hobson, with seven volunteers, chosen out of hundreds eager for the adventure, sailed the old *Merrimac* to the narrowest part of Santiago channel, brought her helm hard a-port, stopped her engines, dropped anchor, opened wide the valves and touched the torpedoes that wrecked the old craft—to close the harbor entrance.

When the fleet came out the world waited breathlessly for the naval engagement which sounded the death knell of Spanish rule in the Western hemisphere. The bitter controversy that followed this notable naval victory which resulted in the capture of Cervera, evoked the comment "There is glory enough for all," when the acrimonious Sampson and Schley hearing was concluded.

On the day that the news came announcing the protocol and cessation of hostilities, Geraldine Farrar, a very young girl from Boston, aspiring to sing in Grand Opera, went with her teacher, Emma Thursby, herself a famous prima donna, to the White House. The happy party gathered about the piano in the Blue Room while Miss Farrar sang with the rich freshness of her wonderful voice "The Star Spangled Banner." As she began President McKinley entered and stood at attention till the last note had died away, when he congratulated the singer. The country was vibrant with the exultations of victory that came with the protocol. The room was radiant with beaming faces as the people talked over the providential victories. The President gave a parting salute, and passed on up the stairway as the young people continued singing patriotic songs:

(Chorus—"Hail Columbia, Happy Land")

McKinley's deepset gray eyes, overhanging brows, his kindly smile and dignified but gracious poise remain an impressive portrait in the halls of memory. When I saw him bid good-bye at the head of the White House steps to Judge William Howard Taft, whom he had called from Ohio, to send ten thousand miles to the Philippines on a mission, involving untried problems of government, it was like a parting of father and son, instead of a President's farewell to a future chief executive of the nation.

Out on the south porch of the White House, President McKinley and Mark Hanna exchanged many of their confi-

dences, smoking and chatting, like old college mates. Hanna, the brusque and practical man that he was, confessed frankly, "I love McKinley. That's all there is to it." Hanna was the tried and tested friend who stood by in the years when the storm clouds of bankruptcy defeat hung over McKinley.

After President McKinley made his southern tour came the popularity of the cake walk and the familiar tune that evolved into ragtime music.

(Soprano Solo—"Natoma")

Washington was becoming more and more a centre of cultural and scientific activities. Alexander Bell, inventor of the telephone, worked all night in his home laboratory to avoid goats' feather callers—but he welcomed newspaper men. His broadside whiskers fluttered, as with sparkling eyes he told me how his Scotch father objected to his playing the violin as something sacrilegious. The dream of his early days of becoming a violinist had gone a-glimmer under the lash and necessity of earning a living which later gave the world a telephone in which to "hello" fast and furious.

Renominated with a rousing and unanimous vote of endorsement at the Philadelphia convention with Sousa's stirring "El Capitan," McKinley heard the babel of voices at the White House with an ear glued to the telephone. The "cheer leaders" were out to make a record demonstration and I stood shoulder to shoulder with Senator Hanna waving the huge pampas grass boughs decorating the platform. Even while this applause continued, Senators Quay and Platt were planning to nominate and shelve politically one Theodore Roosevelt, Governor of New York, as a Vice-Presidential candidate. They wanted him out of the way politically. Governor Roosevelt entered the Convention Hall a little late each session, attired in his Rough Rider's suit and sombrero hat—marching to his seat amid ripples of applause from western delegates who were enthusiastic for him as the Vice-Presidential nominee. The galleries enjoyed Teddy's theatrical entrance as a relief from the monotonous drone of convention routine. Other onlookers, including cynical newspapermen, mentally labeled Roosevelt an egotistical ass, seeking the spotlight as a cowboy *Rough Rider* candidate.

Showing his teeth, Roosevelt positively refused, in staccato tones, the nomination that the bosses had decreed to wish upon him, but when he learned, after his nomination was actually made, that McKinley welcomed him as a running mate, he relented and plunged into the campaign full force.

The Democratic party nominated the perennial William Jennings Bryan a second time. The issue of imperialism was launched against McKinley, who held fast to his policy of not giving up the Philippines to their fate after the Spanish-American war, although it defied some interpretations of sacred American traditions concerning a "consent of the governed." Senator Hoar bitterly opposed

the administration's policy although maintaining an outspoken personal friendship for McKinley.

During the campaign I was with McKinley at his home in Canton and noted that the pavement in front of his house contained "Imperial Bricks" marked in plain letters. I wrote a fanciful story of this "Dynasty of a Caesar established on the Appian Way of Imperial bricks on which was located the home of a tyrant, surrounded by loving little children, neighbors, and the workmen on the street at his Royal Court." McKinley smiled as he read it. "You forgot to picture Nero fiddling while Rome was burning—for I have played the fiddle."

President McKinley's favorite plays were Joe Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle," David Belasco's magic productions, and "The Little Minister," written by J. M. Barrie, who is now to receive a long-deferred peerage.

Curiously enough Maude Adams, who had won the hearts of the theatregoers in this play, was born in Utah, the daughter of a Mormon.

The fight against the Mormon representation in Congress subsided in the McKinley administration despite the petition signed by seven millions of people protesting against seating Roberts, a Utah Congressman charged with practising polygamy.

The Boxer Rebellion in China evoked Secretary John Hay's historic decree of "the Open Door of China," saving the great celestial empire from a partition by European powers. The millions awarded the United States for indemnity because of the Boxer Rebellion were turned back to China to be used for educational purposes in their own country. This gave rise to the satire on McKinley's Philippine policy of benevolent assimilation and inspired Kipling's famous poem "The White Man's Burden."

Major McKinley, a Union officer, was the first President since Lincoln's time to visit Richmond and cross the Mason and Dixon line. Addressing a joint session of the Georgia legislature at Atlanta, visiting Montgomery, Alabama, the old capital of the Confederacy, his presence in the Southland and speeches won the hearts of the southern people, who insisted that "kind words are more than coronets and simple faith than Norman blood."

McKinley asked the North to join the South in the care of the graves of the Confederate dead—in grateful remembrance of American valor and heroism.

* * *

I was thrilled when I received a telegram from Secretary George B. Cortelyou inviting me to Canton. The President had already christened my periodical—the NATIONAL MAGAZINE—when I unfolded to him my ambition to become a magazine editor—after losing the consulate. He suggested that the word "national" had a new meaning to the country. I had also shown him a copy of a treasured volume made up of the favorite poems of a sainted

mother, which I wanted to print in a book as her monument. He commented:

"What a wonderful thing—our heart memories! Why don't you ask the people to help you by sending in *their* favorite poems? Add these to your mother's scrapbook and it will reflect the enduring sentiment of the plain people—as Lincoln loved to call us." This book was christened "Heart Throbs."

In the long summer evening, with the thermometer at 86°, he remained close to his work and to Mrs. McKinley in Washington. He loved to have young people gather at the White House for a "sing" with his nephew, James McKinley, who has since become Brigadier-general and assistant Quartermaster-general at Washington, and his niece, Miss Mabel McKinley, who later sang on the stage. He asked her often to sing "Natoma," her own composition, which she was to have sung for us today—a tire blowout interfered—but the song will be given.

Aspiring young tenors and hopeful lovers now wearing belts instead of suspenders and using safety razors were singing "The Song that Reached My Heart." I heard it sung often by young Jim Davis, now Secretary of Labor, in Moose lodges and political rallies during hard-fought political campaigns.

(Solo—"The Song that Reached my Heart")

The closing refrain of this song recalled the last days of McKinley at the old home in Canton. On an August evening, Judge Day, his Secretary of State, and neighbors across the way, Dr. Rixey and other friends, were seated in rocking chairs on the piazza. Out of the darkness came the strains of a violin. Conversation lulled and the rocking chairs ceased swaying. Music of favorite melodies floated over the old-fashioned flower beds below, containing the petunias, fuschias and ribbon grass, which Mother McKinley had so lovingly cared for in campaign days. "Old Folks at Home" was followed by "My Old Kentucky Home," and finally as if with a touch of prophecy came the refrains "Nearer, My God to Thee," and "Home, Sweet Home."

The little serenader, Verna Bellinger, sixteen, appeared in the moonlight. She was playing for the Major, her beloved friend and neighbor. After greeting, in the hush that followed, the President requested her to play once more his favorite hymn.

"Lead Kindly Light"

In welcoming McKinley on his tour to California, which was cut short by Mrs. McKinley's serious illness, Benjamin Ide Wheeler paid a tribute to President McKinley which Secretary Hay sent to the President with this quotation: "The words were so well chosen, stately and

dignified enough to serve—long hence, please God—as your epitaph." Alas, the paragraph closing with these words:

"Good citizen, brave soldier, wise executive, exemplar to his people of the virtues that build and conserve the state, society and the home" was soon after inscribed on McKinley's tomb.

The McKinley administration marked an important turn in the road of world events in the opening years. The rugged individuality of pioneer and frontier days was asserting itself in the daring experiment of gigantic mergers and in corporations constituting the big business of later days.

Seattle was seething with gold seekers eager to set sail for Alaska. The rush to the Klondike was in full blast, and more gold was taken out of this far-flung northern frontier in one year than was paid to Russia for the entire Seward Peninsula. In the same year Zeppelin made his appearance with a new airship.

Now President McKinley was off to Buffalo for his deferred visit to the exposition from Canton, radiant in the happiness of Mrs. McKinley's restored health and the results of his courageous crusade for peace.

Every day seemed the conflux of centuries in McKinley's time. Lincoln grew in the midst of sorrows and clouds, while McKinley grew in happiness and sunshine—the harbinger of a peace reflected in the great ideals nearing consummation in the eventual outlawry of war. McKinley had that one touch of nature that has helped to make the world kin. He repeated to me shortly before he made his last address words that burned themselves into my heart and memory: "Make friends, keep friends, and deserve friends."

Standing directly in front of the platform on the Esplanade in the scorching sun, I felt waves of affection pouring out toward McKinley, as he delivered what we little dreamed was a President's farewell address that has taken its place with that of Washington. His words will ring out down through the centuries.

"Expositions are the timekeepers of progress. They record the world's advancement. They stimulate the energy, enterprise and intellect of the people, and quicken human genius. They go into the home.

"The period of exclusiveness is past. The expansion of our trade and commerce is the pressing problem. Commercial wars are unprofitable. A policy of good will and friendly trade relations will prevent reprisals.

"Let us ever remember that our interest is in concord, not conflict, and that our real eminence rests in the victories

of peace, not those of war. Our earnest prayer is that God will graciously vouchsafe prosperity, happiness and peace to all our neighbors, and like blessings to all the peoples and powers of the earth."

Only recently I talked with Mr. John G. Milburn, president of the Pan-American Exposition, at whose home McKinley was entertained. He recalled how happy the President was that fateful afternoon when they arrived from Niagara Falls after inspecting the power plant. A few minutes later the President said, "I will soon be through and go over to the Ohio Building and see the home folks and old comrades and have a quiet smoke."

An enthusiastic Exposition throng greeted him at the Temple of Music as the strains of the great organ pealed a joyous greeting to the beloved Chief Executive.

He began shaking hands, looking directly into the eyes of the people with a joyous smile. In the twinkling of an eye, in the draught of a breath, like a lightning stroke, two dastardly shots were exchanged for the friendly hand.

Now witness the immortal McKinley as he dropped under the blow: the maddening crowds surging about the assassin, seeking to tear him limb from limb; the gentle voice of McKinley is heard pleading for his murderer: "Don't let them hurt him" and then "My wife—be careful, Cortelyou, how you tell her—oh, be careful!" The news was broken gently to his beloved one.

The heroic resignation in his brief respite of life while the world waited and prayed those long days of suspense on to that gray dawn when he bade his beloved and the world goodbye in his dying words, "It is God's will. His will, not ours, be done."

Great throngs gathered at his tomb in a glorious September sunset. The radiance of a noble life was leading like a kindly light on to the realm of Christlike ideals.

(Chorus—"Nearer, My God to Thee")

Over the hills and plains, through the forests, down the valleys, in every city, town, village and hamlet echoed as one continuous, all prevailing requiem, the refrain of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Nearer and nearer to God and His righteousness is the world today because William McKinley lived! His passing recalls the great translation chorus from "Elijah." To me the one great victorious note of McKinley's triumphant life came in the last moment at the tomb; taps sounded for the courageous soldier, the crusader of peace, the gentle soul of McKinley.

"TAPS" ECHOING IN THE DISTANCE

(Orchestra and Chorus—Translation from "Elijah")



As a Lawyer Lincoln First Won Fame

Details of the cases and litigations in which Lincoln the lawyer first won public fame—From Justice Court to the Supreme Court he practised his chosen and beloved profession

By W. N. HORNER

EDITOR'S NOTE

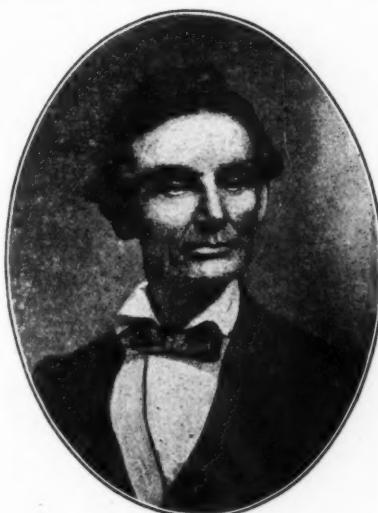
Judge W. N. Horner of the Chicago Bar has spent years gathering the material for a book, "Abraham Lincoln's Law Cases." The subject will interest lawyers in particular all over the country and also readers in general who are continually looking for information on any phase of Lincoln's career.

Judge Horner unconsciously reveals the legal mind in his summary of the salient points in his comment on the lives of Chief Justice Taney, Stephen A. Douglas and Lyman Trumble, as they affected the career of Abraham Lincoln.

LINCOLN was an eminent lawyer as revealed by court records. We have found a record of all of the cases in which Abraham Lincoln appears as attorney in the courts of last resort. These embrace 175 cases in the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois and 2 cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. Abraham Lincoln's first case in the Supreme Court of Illinois was decided at the December term 1840, and his last case in the same court was decided at the November term 1860.

Admitted to the Bar of the State of Illinois in the autumn of 1836, on December 3, 1839 Abraham Lincoln was admitted to practice in the Circuit Court of the United States. He was admitted to practice in

mitted to the bar of the State of Illinois, no extensive examination as to qualifications was necessary. A certificate of moral character was required. This certificate of moral character he obtained on the 24th day of March, 1836. And on September 9, 1836 he was enrolled as an attorney-at-law, and continued in active practice for a period of 23 years.



Lincoln the Lawyer

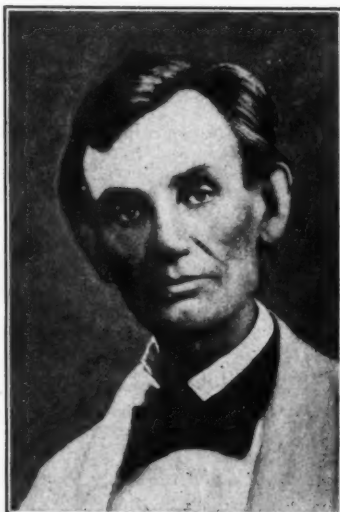
On the 27th day of April, 1837 he entered into partnership with John T. Stuart under the name of Stuart & Lincoln. This partnership continued until the 14th of April, 1841, and on this date the partnership with Stuart was dissolved and a partnership with Stephen T. Logan was formed, which continued until 1843, when this partnership was dissolved to form a partnership with William H. Herndon, which continued for some time.

In many cases and in much of the work which Mr. Lincoln did as a lawyer he appeared alone, and his name most frequently stands alone in the various reports. In December, 1847, he took his seat in Congress and retired in 1849, and during this period did not engage in the practice of the law.

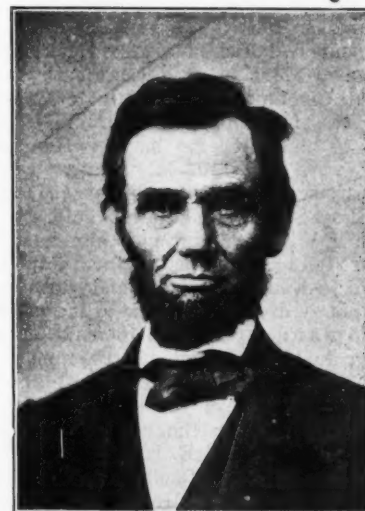
At every term of the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois from the December term, 1840, until the November term, 1860, he appeared in cases with the exception of the December terms of 1847 and 1848, during which time the 9th and 10th Illinois Reports were published and in which his name does not appear. Also with the exception of the year 1858, at which time he was engaged in his celebrated debates with Stephen A. Douglas, during this time, the 20th

Illinois Report was published, in which his name does not appear.

Only two or three of the fees recorded in the firm's books for the year 1847 amount to as much as \$50, and most of the entries show \$5 charged for a trial fee. From information obtainable, Mr. Lincoln's income was at its best only from \$2,000 to \$3,000 per annum. His most profitable years were from 1850 to 1860 when he was between 41 and 50 years of age. The fee book of Lincoln & Herndon for 1847 shows total earnings of only \$1500. The largest entry is for \$100 and most of the charges are for the amounts of \$50, \$25 and \$3, which indicates that he received few very large fees, while largest retainer was for \$500 in the case of McCormick v. Manny. Altogether, he received from this case the sum of \$2,000. One fee of \$5,000 from the Illinois Central Railroad Company, the largest fee he ever received, he divided equally with his partner, William H. Herndon. He had been employed by this company in the case of Illinois Central Railroad Company v. County of McLean, 17 Illinois 291, decided at the December term of the Illinois Supreme Court 1855, opinion by Chief Justice Scates. Mr. Lincoln had as associates in this case Mr. Brayman and J. F. Joy. Opposing counsel S. T. Logan, and his former partner, Stuart and Edwards. When Mr. Lincoln presented a bill for \$2,000 for services in this case, the bill was disputed, but



Lincoln at time of Douglas Debates

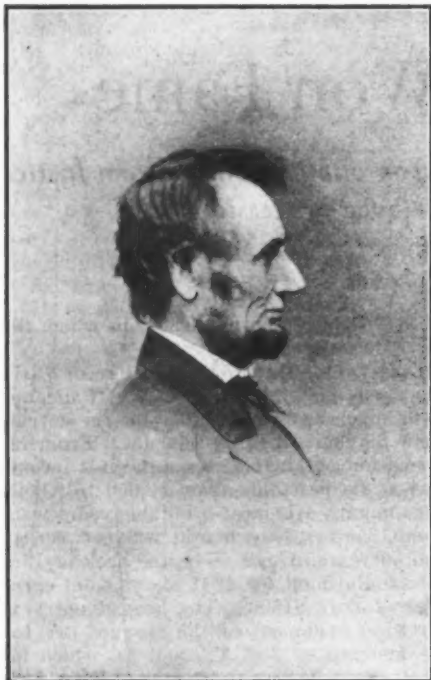


Lincoln as candidate for President

the Supreme Court of the United States on March 7, 1849. On the same day he argued the case of Lewis v. Lewis, reported in 7 Howard 776.

At the time Abraham Lincoln was ad-

he sued the company for \$5,000 and obtained judgment by default, having proved to the court that the value of his services entitled him to the full amount, which was later paid by the Railroad Company.



Last Profile Taken of Lincoln

Subsequently he represented the Illinois Central Railroad Company in the case against Morrison and Crabtree, 19 Illinois 136, December term, 1857, opinion by Justice Breese. In winning this suit Lincoln established the right of a common carrier to limit its liability for damages.

The last case that Mr. Lincoln ever tried in a lower court was the case of Johnson v. Jones, et al, in the Circuit Court of the United States for the Northern District of Illinois. The hearing closed April 4, 1860, and was not reported in the Circuit Court Reports. It went, however, to the Supreme Court of the United States on a writ of error and is reported in 1 Black 209, December term 1861.

The much discussed case of McCormick v. Manny, 6 McLean 539, was tried by consent at Cincinnati, Ohio, July term 1855, when Mr. Lincoln went, thoroughly prepared to run his legal battle. His associates were Edward M. Stanton, later his secretary of war, and George Harding. Mr. Stanton had never before seen Lincoln. When he first met him he later confessed that he was unfavorably impressed with his appearance and spoke very despairingly of him, and saw to it that Mr. Lincoln was not permitted to make an argument during the trial. In the report of the case Lincoln's name does not appear among the attorneys present. The attorneys mentioned for the complainant, are Reverdy Johnson and E. N. Dickerson, Esquires, and for the defendants, Edward M. Stanton and George Harding, Esquires, whom Lincoln evidently wisely counselled.

When Mr. Lincoln afterwards became President of the United States, he was magnanimous enough to overlook the discourtesy of Mr. Stanton on their first acquaintance for he recognized in his crusty colleague superior merits and generously gave

him the portfolio of Secretary of War in his cabinet. Edwin M. Stanton continued in this service to the tragic hour of Mr. Lincoln's death bed, when he gave utterance to the classic tribute "Lincoln now belongs to the Ages."

The case known as the "Rock Island Bridge Case," Hurd, et al, v. Railroad Bridge Company, tried in the United States Circuit Court for the Northern District of Illinois on September 27, 1857 does not appear in any of the published reports. All of the records and papers pertaining to this case were destroyed in the Chicago Fire of 1871. Fortunately, however, a shorthand report was taken of Mr. Lincoln's address to the jury in this trial and was published in the *Daily Press* of Chicago September 24, 1857.

It must not be assumed because his fees were small and the amounts involved often trivial, that the cases he tried were unimportant. As a matter of fact, much of the recognized law of today rests for its foundation upon law which Abraham Lincoln in his professional career helped to develop with his distinguished associates.

In his first case in the Supreme Court of



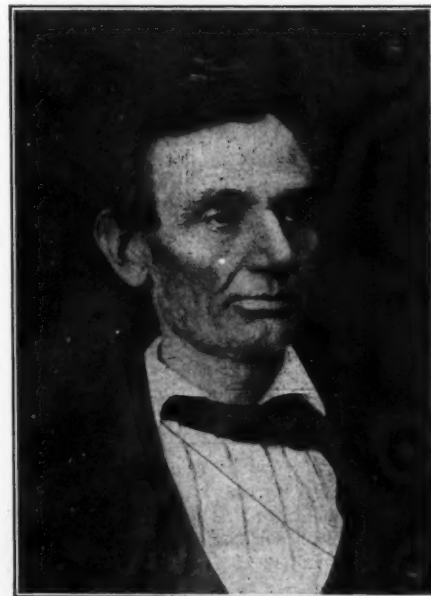
*Mr. Lincoln's office from where he saw the president of an Oregon Bill twenty years ago.
Washington, D.C. October 3, 1861*

the State of Illinois, Scammon v. Cline, at the December term 1840 (opinion by Chief Justice Wilson), which he lost on a point of practice, was a suit originally commenced by Scammon against Cline, before Alexander Neeley, a Justice of the Peace of Boone County. The defendant removed the case from Neeley to Hiram Waterman, a Justice of the Peace of the same county, before whom the case was tried, and judgment was rendered for the defendant on the 21st of February, 1839. Abraham Lincoln and J. L. Loop represented the defendant.

Scammon, the plaintiff, appealed to the Circuit Court of Boone County, and filed his appeal bond in the Clerk's Office. The amount of this bond was one hundred dollars and the surety on the bond was Norman B. Judd. The Act fixing the time of holding the Circuit Courts of Boone County was passed in 1839. Before this, it was the

duty of the Judge of the Circuit to appoint the times of holding the Court. The summons to the defendant (based on this appeal proceeding), was issued on the 8th of April, 1839, and served on the defendant on the 17th day of the same month. At the next term of the court, held in April 1840, the defendant moved the court to dismiss the appeal because it was taken to the Circuit Court of Boone County before any court was appointed in said county, and when Boone was attached to Jo Daviess County for judicial purposes. The Circuit Court sustained the motion, and dismissed the appeal. The appellant (to the Circuit Court), took the case to the Supreme Court by Writ of Error. The Supreme Court held the Circuit Court erred in dismissing the appeal, stating in its opinion that although the appeal bond appears to have been taken by the Clerk before the time of holding the court as fixed by law, yet the Court, itself, must be considered in existence at that time; the existence of the court, and the right to take an appeal to it, must be regarded as having commenced with the appointment of a Clerk of the Court by the Judge thereof. The judgment of the lower court was, therefore, reversed and Lincoln lost in the higher court. The amount involved in this case was \$24.82.

Mr. Lincoln's second case, which he won, was the case of Cannon v. Kinney, July term 1841, tried before the Hon. Samuel H. Treat, and a jury in the Sangamon County Circuit Court, Abraham Lincoln for plaintiff, and S. T. Logan for defendant. Cannon brought his action for trespass in the Circuit Court of Sangamon County against Kinney for seizing a horse and converting the same to his own use. Defendant pleaded "not guilty." On the trial of the case, the absolute title to the horse in question was proved to be in the plaintiff, at a time when he gratuitously loaned him to one John Harris, to be ridden by him from the lead mines to Sangamon County; that John Harris did ride the horse into Sangamon County and then put him into



As candidate for President

the hands of his brother, James, for feeding and safe keeping through the winter, without informing him to whom he belonged, but undertaking to pay for his feed and keeping; that James put him into the hands of another brother, Robert Harris, to be by him fed and kept through the remainder of the winter; that Robert Harris turned him on the prairie with his own horses and all the while supposed him to belong to John Harris; that while he was there running on the prairie, the defendant took and carried him away, Robert Harris telling him at the time that he understood the plaintiff claimed the horse. It was further proved that when taken the animal was valued at sixty-five dollars. This was all the evidence offered on the part of the plaintiff when he closed his case. The defendant then moved the court to instruct the jury as in cases of non suit, on the ground that there was no evidence that the defendant took the horse from the possession of the plaintiff, which motion the court sustained, to which the plaintiff excepted, and judgment being entered against him for costs, he brought the case into the Supreme Court by Writ of Error, and assigned for error this direction of the trial court. Justice Breese, in a clearly reasoned opinion, held that the facts of the case abundantly showed a sufficient possession on the part of the plaintiff to entitle him to an action against the defendant, a mere wrong doer and a stranger. The judgment of the Circuit Court was reversed with costs, and the case remanded.

The points made by Mr. Lincoln in the slave girl case, of *Bailey v. Cromwell*, 4 Illinois (3 Scammon) 71, July term 1841, opinion by Mr. Justice Breese, shows him to have been a very skillful pleader, and is very instructive from this angle.

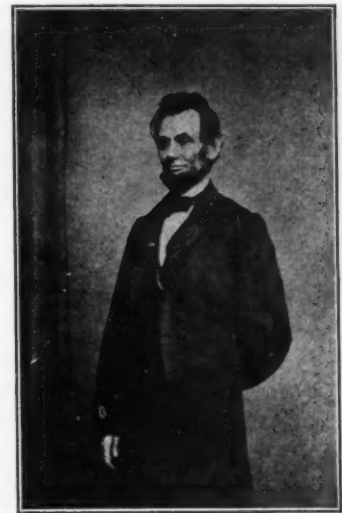
In *Benedict v. Dillahun*, 4 Illinois (2 Scammon) 287, December term 1841,

opinion by Mr. Justice Breese, a very important principle of law is settled, although the amount involved was only \$33.50.

While the legal battle of *Eldridge v. Rowe*, 7 Illinois 91, December term 1845, (opinion by Mr. Justice Breese) involved in value only \$26.75, it involved a leading principle of law which developed.

In *Frisby v. Balance*, 7 Illinois 141, December term 1845 (opinion by Mr. Justice Scates) a very important rule as to the words "grant, bargain and sell," in a quit claim deed, was established, fixing a rule of property. This opinion, nevertheless, was overruled in the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois, in the case of *Frink v. Darst*, 14 Illinois 304, July term 1853, opinion by Mr. Justice Trumbull.

In the case of *Perry v. McHenry*, 13 Illinois 227, December term 1851 (opinion by Mr. Justice Trumbull) a very important and lucid opinion was rendered on the question of resulting trust, which has become firmly established in the jurisprudence of the



President Lincoln in 1865



Photo taken in 1863

country, and has determined the rights to property embracing large amounts.

The first corporation litigation in which Abraham Lincoln engaged, was the case of *Bannett v. Alton & Sangamon Railroad Company*, 13 Illinois 504, December term 1851 (opinion by Mr. Justice Treat). This involved a very important question as to the right of a subscriber to capital stock of a company to be released upon a change and modification of the charter of the company. The court held the subscriber could not be released. Mr. Lincoln represented the company and won the case.

There were some reverses in Lincoln's successful career. He lost the case of *Lyrne v. Stout*, 15 Illinois 180, December term 1853 (opinion by Mr. Justice Scates) wherein the court held that "castrating a scrub hog running among other hogs, is not such proof of a change of property as to be evidence of a conversion or appropriation of the hog by the party to his own use." The amount involved was three dollars.

Another defeat is recorded in *Smith v. Smith*, 21 Illinois 244, January term 1859 (opinion by Mr. Justice Caton) wherein the court held that a "wager as to the result of

a presidential election in another state, made after the vote has been cast, is not against public policy." This opinion has been overruled in the opinion of *Gregory v. King*, 58 Illinois 169, January term, 1871, opinion by Mr. Justice Thornton. Mr. Lincoln, in the first case, contended for the law as decided in the last case.

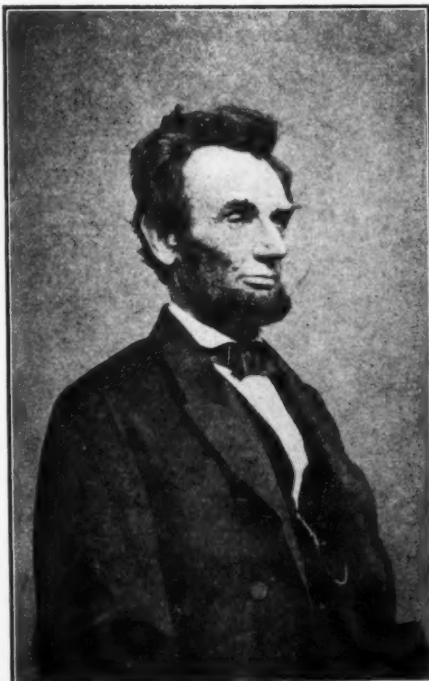
Abraham Lincoln at no time appears as attorney in a strictly criminal proceeding in the Supreme Court, but was attorney in two cases in the Supreme Court of the United States. The first case was *Lewis, for the use of Nicholas Longworth v. Lewis, et al*, 7 Howard 775, January term 1849, Chief Justice Taney rendered the opinion. Mr. Justice McLean gave a dissenting opinion. The second case was *Forsythe v. Reynolds, et al*, 15 Howard, 357, December term 1853. Mr.

Had not Justice Taney delivered the Dred Scott Decision in 1856, the anti-slavery sentiment in the northern states would not have crystallized sufficiently to have elected Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency in 1860.

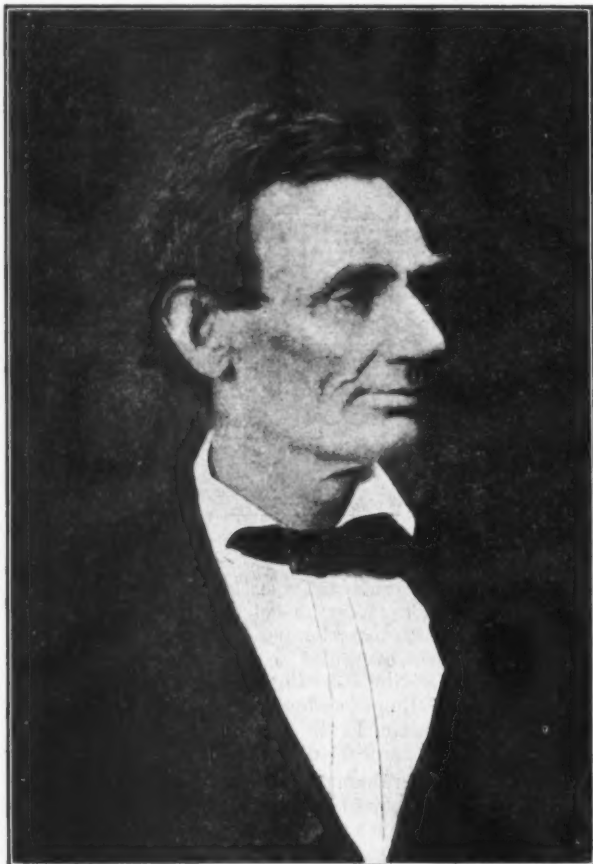
Justice Catron gave the opinion. The sides upon which he appeared were successful.

Lincoln and his associates at the Bar had private law libraries and four volumes of precedents to guide and direct them. Mr. Lincoln's personal library is reputed to have been very small, not to exceed twenty volumes, indiscriminately gathered, but throughout his briefs he makes constant use of the English Reports, and the Reports of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts and New York. It will be observed that he resided at the capital of the State, at which the Supreme Court of the State was located, and, no doubt, evidently used the Court's Library. This is clearly evidenced by his familiarity with the English Reports.

The lawyers of his time had no Encyclopaedias of Law, no accumulation of Digests, but they had the principles of English Common Law, as demonstrated and applied by a few adjudications in the older states, and with these they reasoned out the law in its



President Lincoln in 1864



Lincoln as candidate for President

application to the affairs and conditions as they arose. By means of their pre-eminent common sense and ability, and the correctness of their logic, they gave to posterity a real history in their contributions to law that rules and governs today.

At the time that Abraham Lincoln began the practice of law, the briefs and arguments of counsel, and the records of the cases were presented to the Supreme Court on paper, written in longhand on "legal cap" by the attorneys in the case. Typewriters were unknown, and the printing of the records, briefs and arguments, had not come into use.

Every scrap of paper connected with every case in which Mr. Lincoln appeared as attorney, has disappeared from the files in the Office of the Clerk of the Supreme Court of Illinois, and of the Supreme Court of the United States. The great value of every line penned by Abraham Lincoln has been too great a temptation for the relic hunters, and these documents are scattered in various directions. A photographic copy of some of the records in these cases, has been preserved, showing the way in which cases were taken to the Supreme Court during the greater period of Mr. Lincoln's law practice.

The practicing lawyer in perusing these opinions will meet with

many familiar principles which he will recognize as being fixed and established in the jurisprudence of this country. The young lawyer and the student of the law will find in them opinions which make them a valuable text-book. Most of the opinions exhaust the subject involved. Some of them are quite lengthy and show thorough research into the decisions of the English Courts. These opinions embrace the various departments of the law of equity jurisprudence, the English Common Law, and the leading principles of pleading, evidence and practice. Few collections of law cases ever gathered have associated with them many names eminent in history. Among the judges before whom Lincoln appeared are Justice Roger Brooke Taney, born March 17, 1777, in Calvert County, Maryland, 1799 elected to the Legislature of Maryland. 1816 elected member of State Senate of Maryland. 1827 Attorney General of the United States by President Andrew Jackson, who later on September 24, 1833, appointed him Secretary of the Treasury. The Nomination was rejected by the Senate June 24, 1834. In the following January, 1835,

President Jackson appointed Justice Taney to the Supreme Bench of the United States, which appointment was rejected by the Senate. But old Hickory persisted and on December 28, 1835, nominated Justice Taney as Chief Justice to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Chief Justice John Marshall in the summer of

1835, which nomination was confirmed March 15, 1836. Chief Justice Taney served on the Supreme Bench from 1836 to his death in 1864. His opinions are contained in 32 volumes of Reports, beginning with 11 Peters and ending with 2 Black.

Had not Stephen A. Douglas advocated the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and given to Mr. Lincoln the opportunity for the public debates of 1858, he would not have become a national character and would not have received the nomination at the hands of the Republican Convention for the Presidency in 1860.

JUSTICE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS, born April 23, 1812, at Brandon, Vermont. Came to Illinois in 1833. 1836 elected to the Legislature from Morgan County. 1837 appointed by President Van Buren Register of the Land Office at Springfield. 1841

Had not Lyman Trumbull defeated Mr. Lincoln for the United States Senate in 1855, he would not have entered into the public debates with Stephen A. Douglas in 1858. Had Mr. Lincoln been elected United States Senator, he would have been burdened and handicapped with the requirements of the office and could not have stood forth an unencumbered and inviting Presidential possibility in the critical campaign of 1860.

elected Judge of the Supreme Court of the State. 1843 elected to Congress. Re-elected in 1844. Again re-elected in 1846, but before this term began he was elected United States Senator from Illinois and took his seat in the Senate March 4, 1847. Re-



The Death of Lincoln

elected to the Senate in 1852, and again re-elected in 1858. Had served 14 years continuously in that body at the time of his death. In 1860 he was nominated by the National Democratic Convention at Charleston for President of the United States. He passed away June 3, 1861, after appearing with Lincoln at his inauguration in March.

Justice Jesse B. Thomas, Jr., was born in Lebanon, Ohio, July 30, 1806. Appointed to the Illinois Supreme Bench July 30, 1837 and resigned in 1839. Again appointed August 6, 1843 to the Supreme Bench to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Stephen A. Douglas. His term expired December 4, 1848. He was again elected on the 27th day of January 1847. Died February 6, 1850.

Justice James Shields was born in Dungannon, County Tyrone, Ireland in 1810. Came to the United States in 1826. Elected to the Illinois Legislature in 1836. Elected State Auditor 1839. Appointed Judge of the Supreme Court in 1843. 1845 was made Commissioner of the General Land Office, Department of the Interior, at Washington. 1848 appointed Territorial Governor of Oregon. 1849 elected to the United States Senate from Illinois. Continued in this position until March 3, 1855. Then removed to the State of Minnesota and took his seat May 8, 1858 and served until March 3, 1859. 1878 elected United States Senator from the State of Missouri. Died June 2, 1879.

Justice Lyman Trumbull was born in Colchester, Connecticut, October 12, 1813. Came to Illinois in 1837. 1845 elected to the State Legislature. 1841 elected Secretary of State. 1848 elected to the Supreme Court of the State of Illinois. Resigned July 4, 1853. 1854 elected to Congress, but before beginning his term was elected to the United States Senate. Term commenced March 4, 1855. Re-elected 1861. Again re-elected 1867. Continuously a member of the United States Senate from 1855 to 1873. Chairman, Judiciary Committee, United

States Senate from 1861 to 1873. Drafted the 13th Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Also drafted the Confiscation Act which became a law of the United States July 7, 1862, which act for all practical effects and purposes gave freedom to the slaves. Died June 5, 1896.

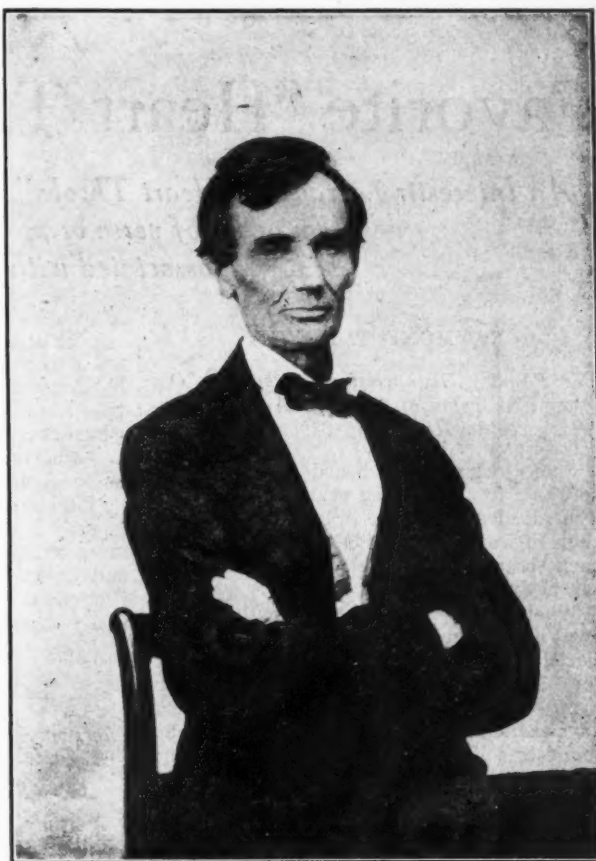
Three of the writers of judicial opinions unwittingly shaped the destiny of Abraham Lincoln to the end that he became the President of the United States.

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Mr. Lincoln's standing as a lawyer has been frequently discussed. While not per-



Lincoln in August, 1860

haps the scholarly jurist of some of his contemporaries, a study of his briefs furnished will reveal that he was a close reasoner and familiar with the principles of law involved in the cases in which he was counsel, or was associated with and pitted against able lawyers. A careful perusal of all the cases I have examined are convincing that as Abraham Lincoln was a conspicuous leader in other things which he undertook, so also was he distinguished as a lawyer in the twenty-three years practice of his chosen profession which doubtless had much to do in preparing him for the great work that had made him one of the conspicuous men of Destiny in the history of human kind.

The record of Lincoln as a lawyer to me sheds a new light upon his notable career. The conferences with his clients in trouble, the contact with all sorts of people who make up the juries, while his clear cut common sense impressed judges. Above all, his sincerity and kindness won victories in friendship that will ever remain an inspiration to mankind. His life reveals that the world needs the Lincoln friendliness, more than any other one thing within the scope of national or industrial aspirations.

It seems appropriate that an article on Lincoln from any point of view should be illustrated with lifelike photographs reflecting the reality of Abraham Lincoln as a man. A study of the pictures taken at various times during his epochal career is like turning the leaves of a family album. While the pictures vary, every one indicates immortality in Lincoln portraiture.



The Capitol—The Second Inauguration of Lincoln, March 4, 1865

Favorite "Heart Throbs" of Famous People

An Interesting array of "Heart Throbs" favorites chosen by eminent personages—The story of the poem or bit of verse or prose that has touched their hearts and is still associated with tender and cherished memories

RAYMOND T. RICHEY

The Popular Evangelist says that the Old Poem and Hymn of "Rock of Ages" Represents His Heart Moorings

Some years ago I heard a young man speaking in a tent at an evangelist meeting. The slender figure in a background of a choir of women singers clothed in white, his earnest appeal and the music of that day can never be forgotten.

When I met Dr. Richey recently in his own happy and enthusiastic way he declared: "Let me name 'Rock of Ages Cleft for Me' as a heart mooring. Many other hymns have thrilled me and many poems have exalted me, but there is something that suggests solidity or faith and an enduring happiness in the consciousness that there is a Rock of Ages. This is not altogether because of its religious suggestion, but because of the psychological suggestion of stability and restfulness."

Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no language know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

The Tabernacle in Houston, Texas, conducted by Dr. Richey has a choir of one hundred voices and a brass band and pipe organ, and the church is filled to capacity nearly every night of the week, for it is an all the week round church. There are similar tabernacles conducted by his organization in Oklahoma City, Beaumont and other centers where his followers have insisted on continuing his evangelistic work as a permanent institution in their communities.

Dr. Richey has conducted evangelistic exercises in many of the large cities throughout the country and was holding services in the big Coliseum at St. Louis when Hoover was nominated, and relinquished his meeting one night to give the now president of the United States an opportunity to deliver his message, and strange to say, a short time after he was also conducting services in Albany when Alfred E. Smith was governor.

Still in the sunny thirties, Dr. Richey is not only a magnetic and forceful speaker, but has a genius for organization and practical leadership that is not often associated with evangelistic work. I have seen him in a gathering of flint-hearted, steely-eyed business men, discussing a matter of public interest, when he asked them all to kneel in prayer and ask for guidance, and to my amazement, every man in that room knelt and bowed his head in prayer, while Dr. Richey made his plea for help in a crusade that was not religious in its character.

* * *

STRICKLAND GILLILAN

The Poet Chooses as His Favorite a Little-Known but Beautiful Poem Entitled "Sympathy"

We may safely take the poet, Strickland Gillilan, at his word. He has written,

"A wail may rule for a day but then
The song must rule the morrow."

"Songs of Men," stirred in the heart of this poet when he was learning the meanings of life and the understanding of men while actively engaged as a reporter and amid the cares and bustle of a city editor's office. Then he wrote, what is so true,—

"The wailings come from the idle folk
And the songs from those who work."

In his connection with the Jackson *Herald* in his home state of Ohio, later with the Athens, Ohio *Herald*, the *Daily Telegram* of Indiana and with the *Baltimore American*, he still found time for numerous short stories and verse, providing thereby that he did not belong to the "idle folk."

Since 1906 Mr. Gillilan has been a free lance and has given us "You and Me," "Sunshine and Awkwardness," "Laugh It Off," and many other interesting things. Lyceum lecturing and after-dinner speaking is another diversion which has brought its return of popularity.

The classics may appeal to a smaller audience but a laugh goes round the world and Mr. Gillilan has had the satisfaction of coining a phrase applicable to many situations that has been on the lips of the world. No poem has been more widely quoted or is better known than his report of "Finnigan." "Off agin, On agin, Gone agin, Finnigan."

One should be grateful to Mr. Gillilan for recalling his favorite poem which appeared in the *Pall Mall Magazine* about thirty-seven years ago. It is just a bit of fugitive verse that, like a flower, lives for a while and then fades from sight. Luckily some

hearts treasure such and give them life again as in the case of this suggestive theme, "Sympathy."

I do not want you when your feet
With buoyant footsteps tread on air;
When you can smile on all you meet,
And banish care.
But when the way is long and cold,
And cruel seem the ways of men;
When you are weary, sad and old—
Come then!

I do not want you when your name
From lip to lip is proudly rolled;
I do not want you when your fame
Has brought you gold.
But when you write and strive and press
And no one reads the songs you pen;
When life is full of loneliness—
Come then!

* * *

DAN R. HANNA

Publisher of the Cleveland News has a Favorite that was also a Heart Poem of the Late Marcus A. Hanna

The stalwart grandson of the late Marcus A. Hanna, President-maker, Warwick and Senator from Ohio, gave to me a poem I had heard his distinguished grandfather recite during the hectic days of the Sound Money campaign when William McKinley was elected President.

Above the roar of Superior Street and in the busy office of the Cleveland News, young Hanna, was achieving something his distinguished forbear did not achieve. He was running a daily newspaper that was "out of the red" a paper that was a success, befitting the standard current in the other Hanna enterprises which his grandfather had established.

Young Dan R. Hanna was born in Cleveland, and of his own volition rather than from necessity elected to take up the strenuous career of a newspaper man. He made it go and loves the bustle of activity required in keeping many editions of a newspaper going out every twenty-four hours. He has the same twinkling dark eyes of the Warwick who proved a successful party leader.

"My favorite poem is associated with memories of my grandfather, who loved to repeat the lines of Longfellow's 'Launching of the Ship,' saying that it always reminded him of his friend William McKinley and he began repeating it soon after it was written and continued thinking about it all during those strenuous days when his one life ambition was to nominate and elect his friend to the presidency of the United States. There

is also a gentle thought associated with McKinley's favorite poem 'Lead, Kindly Light' that harks back into my earliest memories in hearing so much about the Damon and Pythias friendship that existed between Marcus A. Hanna and William McKinley."

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O UNION, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy rib of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock,
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee!

REUBEN GOLDBERG

The Famous Cartoonist Recalls "Horatius at the Bridge" as his Favorite from School Days

"'Horatius at the Bridge,' will remain my favorite poem," said Reuben Lucius Goldberg, famous cartoonist, "because I used to declaim it in school."

The robust lines telling the thrilling story of old Roman days was always sure to waken an otherwise indifferent class and the lad who could memorize the poem in its entire length was sure to have his share of admirers.

Lars Porsena of Clusium
By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the nine Gods he swore it
And named a trysting day
And bade his messengers ride forth
East and west, and south and north
To summon his array.
East and west, and south and north
The messengers fly fast
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porcena of Clusium
Is on the march to Rome.
And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men
The foot are fourscore thousand
The horse are thousands ten.

What school boy has not thrilled at the picture of Horatius standing with "thirty thousand foes before and the broad flood behind," when he said:

"O Tiber, Father Tiber
To whom the Romans pray
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms
Take thou in charge this day."
So he spake, and speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.
When the good man mends his armor
And trims his helmet's plume
When the good wife's shuttle merrily
Goes flashing through the loom,

With weeping and winter laughter
Still is the story told
How well Horatius kept the bridge
In the brave days of old.

Perhaps something in the bravery of the piece moves Mr. Goldberg especially inasmuch as he is a pugilistic authority and an admirer of the staunch courage that comes from physical well being.

Mr. Goldberg, born in San Francisco and educated at the University of California, began his career as a cartoonist with the Chronicle in his home city. In 1907 he was on the staff of the New York Mail.

By his amusing cartoons he has coined a phrase which is almost as generally used as "Safety First" and has some of its significance, for if one does not realize that he is asking "Foolish Questions" he is soon reminded of it. Cartoons under this title have done much to blot from conversation superfluous interrogation. Thus does a cartoon often give a lesson more arresting than a wordy essay.

In other interesting series, such as "Chasing the Blues" and "Boobs Abroad" the pen stories of the artist have held up the foibles of human nature. He was the creator of the Boob McNutt sheet.

OTIS EMERSON DUNHAM

The Head of the Page and Shaw Candy Firm Finds His Inspiration in a Saying of Marcus Aurelius

When Otis Dunham relinquished the practice of law in Boston and became the head of the well-known Page and Shaw candy company, which was the confection so casually referred to in novels as indicating the candy of excellence, he found a field that has absorbed his life interest.

Fifty years ago, the Page and Shaw business was launched in Boston with the familiar trade mark of a lion. Now they have shops in London, Paris and all over the world, identified with decorations of Moorish design. This was Mr. Dunham's idea to give his products a world sweep.

As originator of the rainbow candy containing all the prismatic colors, he has shown what can be done in the laboratory, for these colors are obtained without deleterious ingredients and even enhance the food value of the candy. He is also the originator of the little Dunham chocolates—eighty to the pound.

Mr. Dunham has a ranch in the west and an estate near Beverly, Mass. christened Lodge Pole, where he has brought all the different varieties of animals and game that are to be found on his western ranch. He was a close friend of the chiefs of the Blackfeet Indians and was made an honorary chief. He has had many a ride with Two Guns whose face was used as the model of the new Buffalo nickel.

This all harks back to his boyhood days in Massachusetts when he dreamed of being able to go west. As a lad he spent much of his time with older folks, listen-

ing to their conversations, insisting that he could profit by their experiences as well as find it out himself.

Otis Dunham was born in Beverly, Mass., and comes from an old English family, one of whom landed in 1625 at Plymouth and was a deputy governor of Plymouth for seventeen years. The family came from Dunham-on-Trent in England and is mentioned in the Domesdays Book, 1067, so that Otis Dunham has the distinction of an ancestry reaching back to the time of William the Conqueror in an unbroken line, as well as the distinction of being known as Chief Lodgepole.

"I find a real inspiration in the wisdom of the ancients," says Mr. Dunham. "It seems like something in the original package. In my college days I found a quotation from Marcus Aurelius that grows more illuminating the more it is repeated and leaves an inspiration all-appealing and enduring:

'His soul well knit and all his battles won
Mounts and that hardly, to eternal life.'

STRUTHERS BURT

The Author of "The Delectable Mountains" Declares for Keat's "Ode to a Grecian Urn"

As a partner of Bar B. C. Ranch at Moose, Wyoming, Struthers Burt has his contacts with the great outdoors of which he writes so fluently. He was born in Baltimore in 1882, and began life as a newspaper reporter in Philadelphia and later became instructor of English at Princeton, but even in those days his dream of a real business was ranching, and since 1908 he has called Bar B. C. Ranch at Moose, Wyo., his home, with winters at Southern Pines, North Carolina.

Struthers Burt served as a private in the Air Service during the war. Just before that time he had written his book entitled "In the High Hills," which was followed by "John O'May" and "The Diary of a Dude Wrangler." These were followed by a book of verse "When I Grew Up to Middle Age," but there was something in his book "The Delectable Mountains," that suggested the favorite poem that he gave me.

The place was Southern Pines, N. C.

"You ask me a difficult question," he said. There are so many poems I like, but if I had to decide I would choose either Keats' 'Ode to a Grecian Urn,' or Masfield's 'Be with me Beauty.'

ODE TO A GRECIAN URN

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
Thou foster child of silence and slow time!
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme!
What leaf-fringed legends haunts about the shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loath?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore ye soft pipes play on
Not to the sensual ear, but more endear'd
Pipe to the spirit, ditties of no tune;
Fair youth beneath the trees, thou canst not leave

Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold lover never, never canst thou kiss
 Though winning near the goal, yet do not
 grieve
 She cannot fade tho' thou hast not thy bliss
 Forever wilt thou love—and she be fair.

Thou silent form! Dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity? Cold pastoral!
 When age shall this generation waste
 Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man to whom thou
 sayest

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye need on earth and all ye need to know.

With his wife, Katharine Newlin Burt, who is also an author, and their children, Struthers Burt has spent many happy days on the ranch traveling far afield with his family in search of those ideas and inspirations which have made his work so popular and enduring.

POWEL CROSBLEY, JR.

The head of the WLW Radio Station at Cincinnati finds a heart thrill in Alice Cary's poem "Pictures of Memory"

"As a boy I recall reciting in school the poem by Alice Cary—'Among the beautiful pictures that hang on Memory's wall.' At that time we looked on 'Clovernook' as a shrine where Alice and Phoebe wrote hymns and poems that carried cheer and comfort to millions of people. As a schoolboy at College Hill, I used to make pilgrimages with others to Mt. Healthy, and en route fell under the fascination of the old homestead which later became an institution for the blind—generously supported by volunteer subscriptions by Cincinnati."

Mr. Powel Crosley, Jr., now the head of one of the largest concerns broadcasting and making radio sets, became interested in the business when his son, Powel Crosley III insisted.

"Dad, I want a radio set!" He found that the sets cost \$130, and thought it an expensive toy, and began looking into the matter. From this beginning, has come the finest broadcasting plants in the world, described by a circle covering an area of astounding scope when placed on a map of the world.

Over seventy-five letters were received in one mail from Honolulu concerning one program. The new stations cover WLW and WSAI and a short wave transmitter counted the last word as a center of radio broadcasting.

Powel Crosley, Jr. is a young man in the early forties and has become one of the leaders in the industry who feel that only a beginning has been made in the industry—an ardent believer that radio has only begun.

Alice and Phoebe Cary's many poems have been published in school books and have left an impress on the minds of many people that persists on through the years:

Among the beautiful pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall,
 Is one of a dim old forest,
 That seemeth best of all:
 Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
 Dark with the mistletoe;
 Not for the violets golden
 That sprinkle the vale below,
 I once had a little brother,
 With eyes that were dark and deep—
 In the lap of that old dim forest

He lieth in peace asleep:
 Light as the down of the thistle,
 Free as the winds that blow
 We roved there the beautiful summers,
 The summers of long ago:
 But his feet on the hills grew weary,
 And, one of the autumn eves,
 I made for my little brother
 A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
 My neck in a meek embrace;
 As the light of immortal beauty
 Silently covered his face:
 And when the arrows of sunset
 Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
 He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
 Asleep by the gates of light.
 Therefore, of all the pictures
 That hang on Memory's wall
 The one of the dim old forest
 Seemeth the best of all.

EDWIN PERKINS BROWN

Chairman of the Board of the United Shoe Machinery Company Asserts that Kipling's "Gunga Din" is His Favorite Poem

After Edwin P. Brown, born in St. Albans, Vermont, left the English High School in Boston, he launched his career in the West with the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad at the age of nineteen. Later he was western sales agent of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, and with the American Zinc Lead and Pulp Co. Returning to Boston in 1900, he became General Manager of the United Shoe Machinery Co. in 1911 and six years later was elected President and Chairman of the Board.

If there ever has been a busy man in business affairs it is Edwin P. Brown; but no matter what his work or responsibility, he has that charming sense of humor, modesty and quick despatch that has made him a master in corporation work.

As President of the Board of Directors and Trustees of the New England Conservatory of Music, he is carrying on and extending the splendid work initiated by his father, the late George W. Brown, who served several years as president of this board.

In all his many activities E. P. Brown is one man that always can be depended upon, whether it is a Chamber of Commerce committee assignment, activity on a church board or a club, it matters not, he is always there with a clear-visioned idea of what is to be done—and does it.

After a day of continuous service at meetings of directorates of every sort and description, involving large projects in finance, but even larger results in the efficiency of the institutions, he gave me his favorite poem with a characteristic smile.

"My favorite poem is 'Gunga Din' and I can also inform you that the author is Rudyard Kipling. Where can you find a better tribute to a man than to say that he is clear white inside and find him so in the dangers and emergencies that involve life and death?

You may talk o' gin an' beer
 When you're quartered safe out 'ere,
 An' you're sent to penny-fights an' Aldershot
 it;
 But if it comes to slaughter
 You will do your work on water,
 An' you'll lick the bloomin' boots of 'im that's
 got it,
 Now in Injia's sunny clime,
 Where I used to spend my time

A' servin' of 'Er Majesty the Queen,
 Of all them black-faced crew
 The finest man I knew
 Was our regimental bhisti Gunga Din.

'E would dot an' carry one
 Till the longest day was done,
 An' 'e didn't seem to know the use o' fear.
 If we charged or broke or cut,
 You could bet your bloomin' nut,
 'E'd be waitin' fifty paces right flank rear.
 With 'is mussick on 'is back,
 'E would skip with our attack,
 An' watch us till the bugles made "Retire,"
 An' for all 'is dirty 'hide
 'E was white, clear white, inside
 When 'e went to tend the wounded under fire!

(Bhisti—water-carrier)

It was "Din! Din! Din!"
 With the bullets kickin' dust-spots on
 the green
 When the cartridges ran out
 You could 'ear the front-files shout:
 "Hi! Ammunition-mules an' Gunga Din!"

Din! Din! Din!
 You Lazarushian-leather Gunga Din!
 Tho' I've beaten you and flayed you,
 By the livin' Gawd that made you,
 You're a better man than I am,
 Gunga Din.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

"I was never one to cut out newspaper verse and carry it around in my pocket," so Earnest Elmo Calkins writes me "but the poet that has been the most profound influence on my life is John Milton. 'When I was a high school boy I read Milton's Sonnet on his blindness and that was at a time when I was confronted with the fact that I should be quite deaf all my life. The poet's attitude toward his affliction and his philosophy about it were quite a comfort to me.'"

In his interesting autobiography, "Louder Please," this author and lecturer on art and printing, has made a keen reference to Milton's affliction as well as his own, by this poem. No one line in literature was more swiftly lifted into the classics than "They also serve who only stand and wait." It has been the solace of millions as well as the inspiration of the afflicted.

When I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my years in this dark world and
 wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide,
 Lodged with me useless; though my soul
 more bent

To serve there with my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 Doth God exact day-labor, light deny'd,
 I fondly ask: But patience to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, God doth not need
 Either man's work or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best:

his state
 Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait.

Mr. Calkins, advertising man, chose a Boston girl for his bride, although his home state was Geneseo, Ill., and he graduated from Knox College. Like most men in the advertising business, he has engaged in activities of wide range in New York City and brought to his labor a store of general information. In 1925 he was awarded the Edward Bok prize for "Distinguished Service in Advertising." Mr. Calkins' articles and books have been widely studied by those who enter his profession,—such as "Modern Advertising," "Business the Civilizer," "The Business of Advertising" and others.

FRANK A. MCKOWNE

The President of Hotels Statler Company Welcomes "Barbara Frietchie" his favorite Poem like "a Host at Mine Inn"

To be born in Buffalo, the home of two presidents, is an honor in itself, but to be associated with the birth of a great idea in an impressive modern business triumph launched in Buffalo is a distinction worthy of note. Frank A. McKowne grew up in Buffalo with an ambition to become as great a lawyer as Joseph H. Choate and as popular as Grover Cleveland when he was sheriff of his own Erie County. Studying law with a purpose he made it count in a hotel career. When serving as assistant to the Corporation Counsel, E. M. Statler discovered Frank McKowne and asked him to give up his legal career and become his secretary. Convinced that there was a career ahead with E. M. Statler, he did so, and became a real secretary; not a telephone message nor a letter, and scarcely a conversation passed between E. M. Statler and the outside world that this young secretary did not know all about.

There were only two Statler Hotels at the time, one in Buffalo and one in Cleveland, but enough to fire the ambition to add more hotels. As secretary of the organization, later, he continued the same loyal service always given the chief, straightening out the kinks and making things "go." Later he was secretary and treasurer of the Statler Corporation and had much to do with the opening of all the other hotels, including the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York City and the Statler in Boston, counted as triumphal achievements.

Even to his last day, Frank A. McKowne was very close to E. M. Statler, absorbing his ideals and plans for the future service. A student of the myriad collateral details pertaining to the composite of all vocations embraced "in keeping a hotel" he has expanded the Statler plans. Keeping just two steps ahead, he had proved an inspiring leader, giving special attention to morale and spirit of his organization, for he was chosen to succeed the late E. M. Statler as President of the organization, and continue on uninterrupted the scope of hotel service.

As editor of the little publication called "Statler Salesmanship," published for the employees, Frank McKowne gives his greetings in his own handwriting rather than in the cold metallic glare of a typewritten letter.

With his desk always cleared for action, not a cigarette ash out of place, this young dynamo relaxed for a minute as he commented:

"I always have a real heart thrill and a mental kick when I read or hear Whittier's poem of Barbara Frietchie. I used to recite it in school and feel as dramatic as John Barrymore, when I reached the climax pointing to the imaginary Barbara: 'Shoot if you must this old gray head, But spare your country's flag,' she said. which brings the picture of Stonewall Jackson on his horse, honoring the gray hairs and patriotic fervor of Barbara Frietchie. It was also my mother's favorite

poem and led me to an admiration of Whittier as a great poet. I always feel a better citizen and even a better hotel man when I give a few moments now and then in re-reading and trying to recite from memory the stirring lines of this epic.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows, rich with corn.
Clear in the cool September morn.
The clustering spires of Frederick stand.
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
On that pleasant morn of early fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain wall—

Over the mountains, winding down.
Horse and foot into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars.

Flapped in the morning wind; the sun
Of noon looked down and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauld down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street the soldiers tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat, left and right,
He glanced—the old flag met his sight;

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—outblazed the rifle blast;

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;

She leaned far out on the window-sill
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spart your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:
"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick Street
Sounded the tread of marching feet;

Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave
Flag of freedom and union wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw;
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town.

* * *

CHIC SALE

The Author of "The Specialist" finds his Favorite in "Sittin' Around the Fire" by James Whitcomb Riley

People marvel that Chic Sale, the author of the little book entitled "The Specialist" circulated by millions should have awakened and found himself famous. There are those that knew the Chic Sale of the olden days

who opened the throttle on humor as the safety valve for the highly-gearred intensified American. He was born on the wind-swept prairies of South Dakota at Huron in the early eighties. When he attended school his attention was not riveted on the blackboard or books, for he was studying his teacher and the dramatic setting of the little old school room. His eyes wandered out of the window, as he looked out of the school room at Urbana, Ill., where his parents had moved from South Dakota, leaving drought and tumble-weeds behind.

In early manhood his ambition focussed on becoming a popular topline on the Keith Circuit, and he succeeded. Seeing Chic Sale on the stage in his act did not bring a superficial cackle, but a rollicking diaphramic explosion, for he plays with his audiences, not at them, and it is always a kindly bubbling humor.

When he responded to my query for a favorite poem, he said: "My favorite poem is 'Sittin' Round the Fire' by James Whitcomb Riley, and you know I found my early inspiration in your Heart Throb book, for my first sketch was that of Mother Hubbard and was suggested by the poem in your book. My earliest hero was James Whitcomb Riley and I lisped his poems before I could read."

Many pleasures of Youth have been buoyantly
sung—
And, borne on the winds of delight, may they
beat
With their palpitant wings at the hearts of
the Young,
And in bosoms of Age find as warm a
retreat—
Yet sweetest of all the numbers that upward
aspire,
Is the one rising now into wavering song,
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

O pathos of rapture! O glorious pain.
My heart is a blossom of joy overrun
With a shower of tears, as a lily with rain
That weeps in the shadow and laughs in the
sun
The blight of the frost may descend on the
tree,
And the leaf and the flower may fall and
expire,
But ever and ever love blossoms for me,
As I sit in the silence and gaze in the fire.

Charles Sale, who acquired the nickname of "Chic" early in life started his career in a railroad machine shop. He didn't know much about gears or cams, but he loved the people working with him and there began building up a vaudeville act. In my Attic in Boston he gave that triumph of "He Knew Lincoln" which is one of the most touching and pathetic poems ever recited. The versatility of his work is amazing. Soon after our party in the Attic where the story now immortalized in "The Specialist" was told in the other room, Chic Sale returned one Sunday morning with a parcel all wrapped up in silk and tissue paper. It was a statuette of himself in his well-known character of Lem Underdunk with his tuba, which someone had made of him, and he presented it with all the ceremony of unveiling a heroic Rodin statue.

If you have read "The Specialist" you will understand the irrepressible humor that has made Chic Sale famous. He is now known

to millions as he was to the little circle of friends who followed his early work on the stage with a feeling that such an apostle of good humor and kindness would soon have a place on the world's great stage of readers.

* * *

GEORGE W. WICKERSHAM

The Former Attorney-General of the United States holds a brief for Gray's "Elegy"

At the head of the banquet table as the presiding officer of the Welcome Dinner given former Ambassador Alanson B. Houghton by the Federal Council of Churches, former Attorney General Wickersham made an address on international peace and justice that reflected his choice of a favorite poem. The speeches were over and the Yale Club diners in the adjoining room had subsided when Mr. Wickersham in that precise and logical way of stating a proposition, told me about his favorite poem.

"It does not require deliberation to answer that question. My favorite poem and heart throb is Gray's 'Elegy.' I have repeated every line of it over and over again; in fact when sleeplessness overtakes me I find it has a most soothing effect, almost as potent as a long sermon to a sleepy congregation. And yet sleeping or waking I have always regarded it as the prize of poetic achievement. It does not suggest a churchyard to me, but life—and a live philosophy of living and action."

Can storied urn, or animated bust,

Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?

Can honor's voice provoke the silent dust,

Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid

Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
Hands that the rod of empire might have
sway'd,

Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,

Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;

Chill penury repressed their noble rage,

And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene

The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Mr. Wickersham was born in Pittsburgh and secured his LL.B. at the University of Pennsylvania in 1880, receiving honorary degrees from Harvard and many other leading universities.

Two years after he had been admitted to practice of law in Pittsburgh, he came to New York and three years after this found himself the attorney-general in the Cabinet of President Taft. He has received the Legion of Honor and a list of other distinctions that indicates a busy and constructive career. He was Chairman of the Committee on Judiciary in the New York Constitutional Convention, and was president of the New York Bar Association and the American Law Institute.

His keen and capable legal mind and broad grasp of legal questions involved in international problems have enabled him to contribute much to the cause of international justice and good will and the adoption of the World Court, which involved principles lying close to his heart.

* * *

GEORGE S. PARKER

The prominent Fountain Pen maker agrees with Abraham Lincoln that "O, Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud" is a great Heart Poem

Some years ago a young telegraph operator established a school in his home town of Janesville, Wisconsin to teach the young people how to express their thoughts in the Morse code and by pressing a key. It was a successful school. While watching his pupils transcribe the messages flashing over the wire, the thought came to him that a fountain pen adapted for rapid work and general utility would serve a purpose in the commercial world. Out of this evolved the now world-famous Parken Pen, which utilized George S. Parker's invention of the lucky curve. A factory was established in Janesville that is now supplying pens to every country in the world wherever pens are used.

The founder of the enterprise realized that it was necessary to sell pens as well as to make them. He traveled personally to

all countries of the world and introduced his product in person. He has made several trips around the world and has brought millions of dollars to his home town, where he has established model factories, and has never been lured away from the place where he launched his enterprise that has had much to do with recording documents in every country and clime.

In his genial way, he responded to my inquiry, "I do not think I can improve on Lincoln's choice of a favorite poem. It is 'O, Why should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?' It was one of the poems which I wrote out in my copy book at school and recited from the rostrum. I have made many a test of the Parker Pen by rewriting the lines of this poem." He then transcribed the impressive lines of the poem for me:

O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud;

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old, and the low and
the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

For we are the same that our fathers have
been;

We see the same sights that our fathers have
seen;

We drink the same stream and view the same
sun,

And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers
would think;

From the death we are shrinking our fathers
would shrink;

To the life we are clinging they also would
cling,

But it speeds for us all like a bird on the wing.

Interested in all matters pertaining to his home town, I found him entertaining the neighbors at what is known as the Candlelight Club, which has met every month since the days that candles were used by a group of pioneers who settled upon the rolling prairies and beautiful valley of the Fox River to establish their homes and build the city in which the famous fountain pens are now made.

William Hodge in a Modern Detective Role

Continued from page 201

counted a popular favorite on the stage and throughout the country. With a sort of Lincolnesque, homely manner, his admirers feel the sincerity of his work. Although not the author of this particular play, the Hodgesque touches are recognized. It has a refreshing naturalness for a detective play. The climax is reached without melodramatic shrieks, but in a logical manner. When the job is done, the Inspector calls up his mother and a bantering telephone colloquy about midnight coffee reveals the tenderness of the heart and the unswerving fidelity of the man to his work and his mother.

With little formality and not even one theatrical gesture, Inspector Kennedy walks out of the room at the curtain on the last

act, leaving the audience intent on getting home to talk it over.

There were six in our party, including a lawyer, a judge, an editor, a cub reporter, a ticket agent and a hotel clerk. Over the coffee cups, the discussion of this play continued until the early morning hour. It was like seeing another play, for the lawyer cross-examined, the editor quizzed, the ticket agent interrogated, the hotel clerk nodded approval, while the judge, after hearing all the evidence, rendered a decision as an expert on detective stories and mystery plays, declaring it had stimulated more mental thrill and exhilaration than any play he had ever witnessed. The cub reporter piped up "It is the best play in New York." From the adjoining rooms came the ladies

of the party, who chorused without a dissenting voice that it was refreshing to find one play without voluptuous kissing, bedroom scenery, bathroom scenes and night club hilarity, that did not at least reflect upon womanhood. They suggested that William Hodge might be retained by the Police Department to unravel some of the mysteries that now hover like spectres over New York. As we were returning home, I hailed a policeman on his beat and asked if he had seen William Hodge's play. "I have not," he said, "but from what I hear about it that guy knows his business, and I am hoping to have a ticket for myself and the old Lady before William Hodge leaves Broadway, and show her what we fellows are up against in our everyday jobs."

Ready to Succeed Father and Husband

Congresswoman Ruth Hanna McCormick launches senatorial campaign in Illinois to occupy the first seat ever won by a woman in the United States Senate—Story of her active experiences in public life

IN my rather close association with Senator Marcus A. Hanna, as a young newspaper man, I recall the delight with which he welcomed the young daughter who showed such an aptitude and familiarity in matters political. A delightful memory comes to me of those conferences in the old home on Lafayette Square in Washington, between the father, then the Warwick president-maker of the country, who had been a vital factor in the election of his friend William McKinley as president. This was not her first contact with politics. During the campaign of 1896 she became intensely interested and was among the girls who served refreshments to the "Full Dinner Pail" brigade who came from long distances to meet McKinley on his front porch at Canton, Ohio. This was the first instance of a presidential candidate remaining at home during the stirring times of a presidential battle. When Mark Hanna made the race for the Senate in Ohio, he had a red hot fight on his hands and his daughter Ruth became his secretary, watching the details of campaigns and the progress of legislation, that was affecting votes.

There were many conferences every day between father and daughter, so that it may be said that few American girls had a more vigorous training or initiation into political life than Ruth Hanna McCormick.

In the Washington home of the Hannas there were almost daily gatherings of politicians, diplomats and important figures in national and international life generally. Young Ruth Hanna assisted in extending the hospitality of the Hanna home and she was privileged to hear discussions of domestic and foreign matters that added to her knowledge of public affairs, politics and politicians.

Becoming thoroughly familiar with the technique of legislation in Washington, for almost thirty years she has been enthusiastically engaged in party activities. This was the long training in practical public service and in the subtleties of politics that prepared her for the candidacy for Congress. Stumping the state of Illinois three times during the primary and the later election campaign in 1928, she traveled over twenty-four thousand miles in her open car and visiting all of the counties in Illinois at least once. She received more than 1,711,000 votes on election day, Nov. 6, 1928, leading all other candidates on the state ticket, proving a practical vote getter.

A real dirt farmer is Mrs. McCormick for she has a 2,400-acre farm near Byron, Ill., and her herd of thoroughbred Holstein-Frisians is one of the finest in the country.

Dairy products "on this farm" approximate 1,000 quarts of certified milk daily for the Rockford and Chicago markets. It was Mrs. McCormick's personal interest in this home that led her to make a special study of the farm issue in the 1928 campaign and developed the subject to such an extent that other Illinois speakers requested her to present that phase of the campaign to the voters. She spoke in Wisconsin, Indiana and in Minnesota after her Illinois campaign was ended, again specializing on the farm problem. Mrs. McCormick is owner and publisher of the Rockford *Daily Republic* and takes an active interest in that newspaper property.

A record of the achievements of Ruth Hanna McCormick must classify her as a farmer, politician and publisher, but the activities in the Women's City Club of Chi-



*Congress-Woman Ruth Hanna McCormick
Candidate for U. S. Senator, Illinois*

cago, New York and Washington, to say nothing of about twenty other clubs, together with her activities as first Chairman of the Women's National Committee in 1917 and Republican National Committee Woman for Illinois all had something to do with the race for Congressman-at-large, after vigorous service in behalf of her political party, State and national, covering a period of twenty-five years. In welfare activities she is a member of the National and State Trade Women's League and many other organizations of a similar nature, including the Consumers' League.

Educated at the Hathway-Brown School at Cleveland and Dobb's Ferry, N.Y., she

spent three years at Farmington, graduating in 1900, which indicated that her novitiate days in the world of politics came when she was a school girl. After graduation she went direct to the capital city and learned of affairs at Washington first-hand. In 1903 she married the late Senator Medill McCormick, publisher of the Chicago Tribune and from that time on lived in Chicago.

A year later found her active in organizing the Women's division of the National Civic Federation and the Women's Trade Union League and a director who directed in the National Good Roads Association. While taking an active part in the campaign of 1912 her husband was elected to the Illinois legislature and Mrs. McCormick made her debut in Springfield as an active suffragist worker. In this work she continued actively as chairman of the Congressional Committee of the National Suffragist Association and kept right at it in Washington until the Federal Amendment passed.

In 1916 her husband, the late Medill McCormick, was elected to Congress and two years later was chosen as United States Senator from Illinois. During the following eight years at Washington she worked in his office and kept in close touch with the deliberations of the Senate.

When the announcement was made that she would become a candidate for Senator in Illinois, it sent cold shivers down the spine of prospective opposing candidates; for they knew something of the alert and active organizations that are loyal supporters of Mrs. McCormick.

A capacity for executive work and her genius as a political organizer has made her campaign for the Senate one of the outstanding features of the 1930 schedule. It is one of the few times that a woman has ever made a campaign for a seat in the United States Senate that promised to be successful. The work in the House of Representatives has enlisted the keen personal interest of many of her colleagues and one thing is certain that the movement in her behalf will be most vigorously carried forward in the indomitable spirit of a leader who feels that the contest is necessary to straighten out a rather tangled and unfavorable situation in Illinois, and provide an opportunity to utilize an experience in the broad field of senatorial deliberations with which she is so familiar. Consequently the legion of friends confidently expect to elect Ruth Hanna McCormick to the high honors for which Abraham Lincoln so vigorously struggled in a senatorial campaign prior to his nomination to the presidency.

A Dressing Room Chat with Amos 'N' Andy

The twain that entertain on the radio have real heart throbs—One "Home Sweet Home" and the other a quotation from "Science and Health"—A chat face to face in their dressing room in Boston after their act on the stage

MILLIONS of people now tune in for "Amos 'n' Andy" on the radio. In the year A. D. 1930 they were counted an institution "on the air." Night after night they recite the human and humorous incidents in the life of two picturesque colored gentlemen conducting the Fresh Air Taxi Cab Company. "Incorporated" of America. Phases of the love, romance and business to say nothing of homely philos-

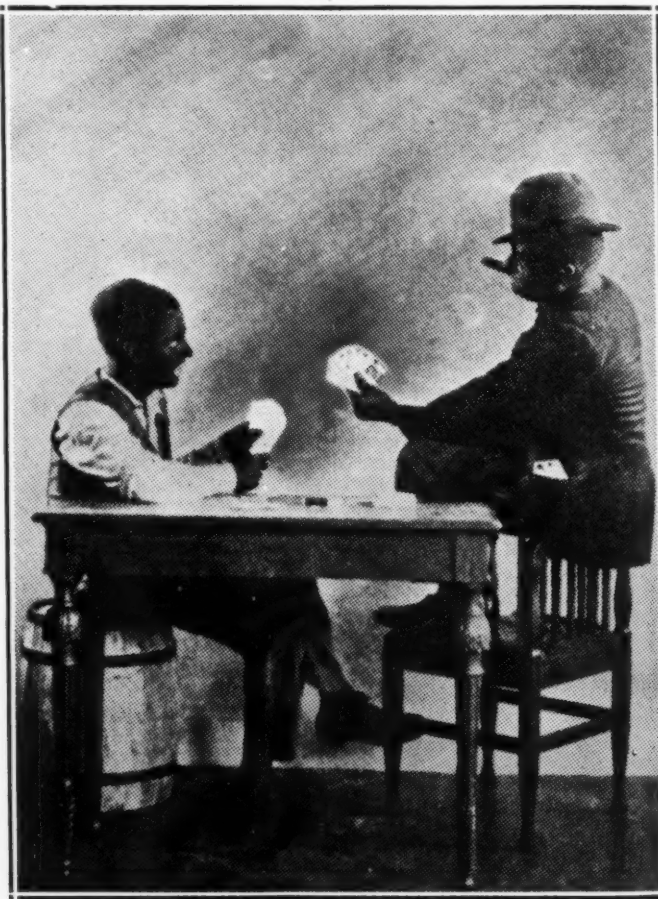
in the morning necessitating five "de luxe" appearances every day of the lively young men. They were trying to have a bite at the pork chops and salad and were calling for paper cups for the coffee. Between mouthfuls they gave me a story that would fill a book. They were scarcely out of the theatre during their Boston engagement except to be received by Governor Frank G. Allen at the State House, who was offered

Peoria" Illinois as his birthplace. He is the son of a bricklayer and worked at the trade himself before launching into theatrical work. "I can lay noiseless bricks without a straw matting," he declared going through the motions with a knife as a trowel using the mashed potatoes as mortar.

After playing piano in movie houses, he longed to act on a real stage. He proved an apt amateur and was called to help



A Close-Up of "Amos 'n' Andy" Without Their Black-Face Makeup
From Left to Right—Freeman F. Gosden (Amos) and Charles J. Correll (Andy).



Courtesy of the Boston Transcript
In Cards, or Love, Amos Has to Hold at Least Five Aces to Get an Even Break. Note the Reserve Supply in Andy's Pocket.

ophy, of the general average of individual are mingled in their broadcast reflection of human nature in various phases.

In the Metropolitan Theatre dressing room in Boston I met two energetic young men. They had just finished their sketch on the stage. Crowds had thronged to see "Amos 'n' Andy in person and the echoes of the rollicking laughter filled the auditorium. It was more than a "hit," for extra matinees had to be provided for the children at 9.30

a position as an "A 'n' A" understudy after matching wits with the twain ready to meet the complaints of a "lost glove" and ready to provide for a real bout if necessary.

Amos Jones, the slender one of the two, is Freeman Fisher Gosden, born in Richmond, Va., which explains his mastery of the negro dialect. His keen wit blends with the ponderosity of words and reflections. Andy whose real name is Charles J. Correll, who proudly announced that "Gloria

train others in theatrical productions provided by the Elks, Rotarians, churches, societies, Y.M.C.A.'s, etc., etc., all over the country. This explains his keen sense of dramatic humor and knowledge of stage struck human nature in an ambition to "act."

"Laying bricks is nothing compared to coaching a home talent company," he commented, chewing an olive.

Amos is thirty and Andy is thirty-nine.

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Medal for Distinguished Honors in Law

The American Bar Association awards a prize each year to those rendering notable service to the profession

JUSTITIA" must have smiled when J. Weston Allen, Chairman of the Bar Association committee announced that she has been chosen to adorn the medal for distinguished service which is awarded to members of the profession with which Abraham Lincoln was identified in the beginning of his illustrious career.

Mr. Allen former Attorney General of Massachusetts and a "go through"—get results and "enforce the law" official, made a report, that marks an epochal event in the history of the legal profession in America. His comments at the time the first medal was awarded to Samuel Williston indicate the alert and progressive spirit of the American bar in keeping step with the swift-moving progress of the times.

"Mr. President and Members of the Association: At the Semi-centennial Meeting of the American Bar Association in Seattle in 1928, a resolution was adopted creating a Semi-Centennial Fund, the income of which should be used to award annually the medal of the American Bar Association to a member of the Bar in this country who has rendered conspicuous service in the cause of American jurisprudence; and also to establish the American Bar Association Scholarship, to be awarded each year to a graduate of an American College or university, for a three-year term in an accredited American law School.

"The Committee of the Semi-Centennial Fund was charged with the execution of the plans for the presentation of the medal. My associates on the committee, Mr. Gurney E. Newlin, Mr. Silas H. Strawn and Mr. Bruce W. Sanborn, have been active during the past year in carrying out the commissions with which they were charged.

"It was essential, as was suggested to me by Honorable Elihu Root, that if the American Bar Association was to undertake to present annually such a medal, it must be a medal of taste and distinction, and one that the Association as well as the recipient might well be proud of, and it has been suggested to me that at this time I might tell the members of the Association something about it.

"It is, I think, probably the largest medal which is awarded by any professional or learned society. It is struck in 24-carat gold. It was designed by Mrs. Laura Gardin Fraser, who is known as one of the most eminent medalists in this country. She is one of the six medalists who have been awarded the Saltus Medal of the

Numismatic Society as a medalist—and the only woman. But she is better known to you because she was the successful competitor in the national competition for the Congressional medal to Lindbergh.

"She has devoted herself to the work of

profile are the words 'American Bar Association Medal.'

"The inscription which is in the background of the bust of Marshall was selected only after the most careful consideration by men who were asked to aid as consultants. Dean Pound of Harvard, Mr. Wickersham, Mr. Robert Grant, Judge James M. Morton, of the Federal Court of the First District, and others have given much time to the selection of the proper inscription which should appear upon the medal.

"In the Search for the inscription, Dean Pound told me he had read all of the constitutional opinions of John Marshall over again to find if there was anything in those opinions that might appear upon the medal. The writings and addresses of Rufus Choate, the writing of Story, and addresses of others who have contributed to the literature of the law were carefully considered in the choice of the inscription.

"We had in all nearly one hundred different quotations suggested for the medal. The choice finally fell upon the words which conclude the Bill of Rights of my own Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the words of John Adams: 'To the end it may be a government of laws and not of men.'

"It seems to me those words have been aptly chosen because they epitomize the whole service of Chief Justice Marshall whose head appears upon the medal. They represent the views of every man who renders conspicuous service to the cause of American jurisprudence, and in the last analysis, they typify the ultimate purpose and end of the American Bar Association itself.

"The Committee on Award which has had under consideration the recipient of the medal was composed of Mr. Justice Edward T. Sanford of the United States Supreme Court, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Mr. Frank D. Kellogg, Mr. Silas H. Strawn and Mr. George W. Wickersham.

"They have asked that the Association be advised of the considerations which have governed them in making the award. The language of the resolution itself merely provides that the medal shall be awarded for conspicuous service in the cause of American jurisprudence. They felt that the service should be one rendered within a year before the medal is awarded, or at least a recent conspicuous service culminating in the year of the award. They feel that that is an appropriate



A Replica of the annual medal of the American Bar Association



designing this medal, and I am told by the Metallic Arts Society that it is one of the most beautiful and artistic medals they have ever struck for any organization.

"On the face of the medal is the St. Memin profile of John Marshall. Over the

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Innovation of "Straight Line Distribution"

With the objective of enhancing profits and possibilities for American foreign trade Irving T. Bush perfects a plan that gives the smaller organizations a chance to build up an export trade through co-operation

HIGH up in the tower of the Bush Terminal Building, thirty stories above the sidewalks of New York, at the very crossroads of world traffic, Irving T. Bush directs his extensive world-wide business. The atmosphere of the place as I entered had the quietude of a study. At a long flat table, Mr. Bush goes over his plans and papers with the ardor and enthusiasm of an artist painting a picture or a poet writing an epic. In fact, he has evolved a masterpiece in modern trade, simple and effective, providing terminals and eliminating millions of dollars in waste effort. There are paintings on the wall and an environment that altogether suggested concentrated study. The newspapers that morning had published articles in bold headlines, announcing the immediate beginning of a service that was an innovation. Simple and obvious, it drove direct at the objective of enhancing profits on American export trade, adding 'straight-line distribution.' This marks the first instance in history where railway terminals, steamship pier operating companies, lighterage services, storage warehouses and ancillary commercial and financial facilities in Europe and America have been linked in a single system to facilitate international commerce.

A new commercial document has been created.

"America's outstanding contribution to the industrial age undoubtedly was 'straight-line production,'" said Mr. Bush. "To straight-line production America now adds 'straight-line distribution'."

The service commences immediately and the operation marks the first instance in history where railway terminals, steamship pier operating companies, lighterage services, storage warehouses and ancillary commercial and financial service facilities in Europe and America have been linked in a single system to facilitate international commerce.

The headquarters and physical center of the system will be the huge Bush Terminal, covering 200 acres of waterfront in South Brooklyn with piers, warehouses, factories and railroad terminals, serviced by its own lighterage and switching facilities and connecting with ten railroads radiating to all parts of the continent.

To effectuate the new international service which, Mr. Bush stated, has been in process of organization for almost three years, Bush Service Corporation, U. S. A., has been formed, and subsidiary Bush Corporations have already been set up throughout Europe. The European Bush Service subsidiaries in every case have

been merged with long established local service companies in the countries in which they will operate, thus opening up to American manufacturers the combined advantages of modern and efficient American methods and the intimate local knowledge of foreign market conditions and the confidence of local merchants contributed by the affiliated local service organizations many of which have been in existence for over 100 years.

Bush Service Corporations will be merged with 54 established local European service companies, serving 86,000 permanent customers, operating approximately 300 offices, being represented in addition by appointing agents in 930 cities and towns, and now handling throughout Europe and the Near East total annual shipments of approximately \$500,000,000.

The international merchandise distribution service places at the disposal of shipper and buyer, complete physical, commercial and financial facilities.

One of the outstanding advantages of the "continuous document of possession," Mr. Bush said, will be that the American manufacturer will be able to negotiate it with his bank to secure an immediate cash advance against his shipment, even in cases where goods are shipped abroad for storage and sale over a period of time. The paper would serve as negotiable security representing goods at all times in the possession of Bush Service.

Mr. Bush pointed out that this one phase will solve a serious problem particularly of manufacturers whose shipments have not been large enough to justify maintenance of their own European organizations. Instead of having capital represented by shipments in progress or in storage for several months tied up for that period, the manufacturer now may realize upon them at once and return the capital to production, thus increasing his turnover.

In outlining the story behind the new International system Mr. Bush said:

"In order to appreciate the value of the new service, it is necessary to understand the difficulties under which manufacturers now labor in selling and distributing their goods in many foreign markets. It is a story written in red ink, in the ledgers of American enterprise. It started at the end of the War, when, without foreign organization, the United States began a gallant effort in foreign trade. Merchandise was shipped without the protection of a trained foreign organization. Shipments accumulated upon foreign wharves where they lay unprotected. Correspondence in strange language dealing with unknown



Irving T. Bush, founder of the Bush Terminal Company

conditions and foreign customs followed. Collections were slow and often impossible.

"A chaos of damage, claims, unpaid bills and misunderstanding finally convinced Uncle Sam that the development of a foreign trade organization was necessary to safeguard foreign trade, if it was to prosper. He saw that the foundation of English foreign trade was a world

wide structure of English traders built through generations of patient effort. Uncle Sam came home and took up the threads of foreign trade where they had been dropped when the war began, and commenced again the weaving of the fabric of overseas trade.

The story which lies back of the Bush Service organization is the romance of two Americans—one building in America, and the other in Europe. Irving T. Bush created the Bush Terminals which now employs 35,000 people, and Victor E. Freeman from his London office organized little by little a system which now includes 54 companies.

"This system," Mr. Bush explained, "has a trained personnel in each country where it operates who know the conditions and trade of their countries because they live and work there. There is nothing new about the personnel in Europe or America. There is no crushing cost for new offices and new salaries. Each is supported by ample income and experience."

Mr. Bush and Mr. Freeman met by chance in Paris in the summer of 1926, and each saw how his organization could supplement the other for a simplifying system for foreign trade to the benefit of industry on both sides of the Atlantic.

"Negotiations began which have been concluded at a time when such a service is most needed," continued Mr. Bush. "The orgy of world speculation is over and industry must expand. The settlement of reparations and the burying of hate in Europe releases new energy to create and build new power to buy. A sane world faces a new future."

Bush House in London is the greatest business building in that city. It has already cost more than \$5,000,000 and is only partially complete. An extension now under way will add \$3,000,000 to its cost. It will be the headquarters of the European organization from which the vast network of service stations will be administered.

A giant, new unified system now directly links the American manufacturer with every important distributing center in the vast geographical area extending from the British Isles to Persia, and will offer hitherto unavailable facilities to American manufacturers for the development of foreign markets.

As illustrating the complete coverage to be offered by the system, Mr. Bush pointed out that in Roumania, a country smaller in area than California and with a population of 17,000,000, the system will have offices at the following twelve Roumanian points: Bucharest, Cernauti, Galatz, Braila, Constanza, Cluj, Oradea, Timisora, Arad, Targu Mures, Alba Julia and Deva.

In this office Irving T. Bush has a world-wide vision and contacts for American trade established in all parts of the world. It seemed like a crowning achievement for the boy born at Ridgeway, Michigan. He came of business stock for his father was a wealthy manufacturer and the son completed his early education by traveling around the world on his father's yacht, the *Coronet*.

Even as a lad in Europe he studied the systems in vogue at various ports. It made such a profound impression upon him that when he returned to America, he had one idea in his mind, and that was the Bush Terminals, to utilize the waterways in and around New York. The beginning was made twenty-five years ago and since that day he has concentrated his energies on prosecuting plans for terminals, warehouses and trackage in this country and in Europe.

He early came into a large inheritance; this he placed enthusiastically into his project. Many folks criticised him, called his enterprise "folly," but all of this did not deter him one whit in his determined prosecution of the work to which he had dedicated his life.

The keynote of Mr. Irving T. Bush's remarkable success has been his frank diagnosis of conditions as they exist from time to time. After the collapse in security values, he grappled the problem from an angle that is most refreshing. In a recent article he insisted that real industry could not be hampered by restrictions which prevent investment of money in new enterprises, even though it fail.

"Progress will stop if this be done. It is wrong to permit financial promoters—no matter how high they may be placed—to sell to the public, securities created for the purpose of making quick profits for the promoters who do nothing to build the foundation of industry. There is a fine line between these two operations, which should not be crossed. It is difficult to tell in many cases just where this line is. Ingenious reasons are always advanced for any new issue, or for an advance in the market price."

There are one hundred and ninety-one thousand listed manufacturers in the United States, and of these, over one hundred and sixty thousand employ less than ten hands each, and yet, this one hundred and sixty thousand produces more than half of the finished manufactured products of the country. In this fact, Mr. Bush has clearly demonstrated that any condition that affects this one hundred and sixty thousand will vitally affect the industrial situation in the

United States, one way or the other. His plan enables this great mass of smaller producers to step out of the narrow groove and utilize their capital for production instead of exploitation, taking up the slack rope in the interim between production and sales.

Summing up the situation, he has most impressively defined the responsibility of leadership:

"The prime responsibility rests upon the leaders, for theirs is the greatest stake. They are leaders because they have succeeded. They are entitled to any profit resulting from honest effort, and the honest use of their brains. They have at stake their position and their property. Their position is forfeited if they mislead the people. It is enhanced if they lead them. Their property is gone if they undermine the confidence of the people in their leadership to the point where it is rejected."

In a recent magazine article, Mr. Bush discussed the Farm situation in an unique and impressive manner:

"Engineering is applied science, and science has yet to be applied to agriculture to a degree necessary to insure its permanent success. Agriculture is industry. It can only progress as industry has progressed—by exact knowledge and its application. A cow is a milk factory, and a poor cow is a poor factory. The greatest enemy of the farmer is the politician who attempts to legislate a cure for his troubles. I speak of farming, because it is our greatest industry. It needs merging more than any other. Not a merging of actual ownership, but, by co-operation to apply exact knowledge. Other industries have progressed by that method, and it can progress. It is time to bring the mowing machine in out of the rain and begin to think. This part of our prosperity is limping a little. It is trusting too much in God and the politician. I believe in God, but I believe He expects us to believe in ourselves, and I do not expect Him to hold an umbrella over the mowing machine. There is nothing vicious about the farmer's problem. He has been lulled to sleep by the song of the farmer politician and has stood still."

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Bush Terminals, Brooklyn, N. Y., headquarters and nucleus of the newly organized Bush Service "International Straight Line Distribution System."



Tickleweed and Feathers



A SMALL boy was walking on a railroad track, was astonished when he saw that two fast freight trains running on the same track were about to crash head-on. Much frightened, he took to a nearby high bank where he witnessed the smash-up. Later some officials, learning that there had been an eye-witness to the wreck, found him and asked:

"What were your thoughts at the time of the crash?"

"Well," the boy answered slowly, "I thought it was a darn poor way to run a railroad."

Parson: "Does you-all take this man fo' bettah or fo' worse?"

Bride: "Lan' sake, how kin Ah tell so soon?"

"Are you troubled very much in your neighborhood with borrowing?"

"Yes; a great deal. My neighbors don't seem to have anything I want."

Sandy McTavish got married. He went to Niagara Falls on his honeymoon. While strolling around the falls he met a friend. After congratulating Sandy, the friend asked, "And where is the little bride? Back at the hotel?"

"Oh, no," replied Sandy. "I left her back in Philadelphia. She's seen the Falls. —The Firebox."

And then there was the Scotchman who, when standing on the pier immediately after his arrival in New York, saw the deep sea diver come to the surface, whereupon he remarked, "Well, if I had thought of that, I would have walked over myself."

Doc: "Do you sleep on the flat of your back?"

Patient: "No, the back of my flat."—Ex.

"Are you the groom?" asked the bewildered old gentleman, at a very elaborate wedding.

"No, sir," was the reply of the embarrassed young man, "I was eliminated in the preliminary try-outs."

A Negro was trying to saddle a mule. "Does that beast ever kick you?" asked a bystander.

"No, sar, boss, he don't nevah kick me, but he frequently kick where Ah jes' been."

"Is that your new dress you were telling me of?" said her escort. "We better not go to the theatre. Let's go swimming."

George: "My dear, I tell you I was setting up with a sick friend."

Minnie: "How many did you set up before he got sick?"

Auto Dealer—"Police station?"

Voice on Phone—"Yeah, What's wrong?"

Auto Dealer—"I've got a suspicious character here—he wants to pay cash for a used car!"—Ex.

Two farmers met in town a few days after a cyclone hit the countryside.

"Yes, it did quite a bit of damage out our way," said one reflectively. "By the way, Hank, was that new barn of yours injured any?"

The other shifted his wad of chewing tobacco.

"I can't say rightly," he answered slowly, "I ain't found it yet."—Border Cities Star.

A prominent city man who is as mean as he is wealthy, relates an English paper, is fond of getting advice for nothing. Meeting his doctor one day, he said to him, "I'm on my way home, doctor, and I feel very seedy and wornout generally. What ought I to take?"

"A taxi," was the curt reply.—Boston Transcript.

Husband: "It's just fifteen years since we went to war."

Wife: "Yes; but it's only ten since we married."

Mistress—"The master was very happy this morning, Jane. He went off to the city whistling."

Jane—"Yes, mum, it was my mistake—I made his porridge of birdseed!"—The Passing Show (London).

"Young Mainwaring was turned down by a lovely girl."

"'No, Mr. Mainwaring,' the girl said, 'it is impossible. The only man I ever loved and ever shall love was killed'—she gulped back a sob—'was killed in the battle of—the battle of—"

"'Of Bull Run,'" said Mainwaring, and with loud and bitter laughter he rose from his knees, brushed off his trousers and dashed from the house."

Continually grumbling destroys all sense of humor, says an authority. In other words, when the whine is in the wit is out.

Wee Johnny was taken for the first time to a church where a collection bag was used.

After he had handed it along the pew he whispered to his mother: "Whit did you get, Maw? I got a shullin'!"

Joseph had been sent to bed by his mother for using profane language. When his father came home she sent him upstairs to punish the boy.

"I'll teach that young fellow to swear," he roared and started up the stairs. He tripped on the top step and even his wife held her ears for a few moments.

"You'd better come down now," she called up after the air had cleared somewhat, "he's had enough for his first lesson."

Thief—I hope you will be lenient with me, your worship. I have a good many dependent upon me for their support.

Magistrate—Children?

Thief—No, your worship; detectives.

Rena: "Another argument with your husband. What's the trouble this time?"

Freda: "The same old thing. I'm right and he won't agree with me."

"So your lad is studying to be a chemist?"

"Yes; he is attending a special course of lectures on soap, cigars, perfumery, picture-postcards, temperance drinks, directories, telephone books, ladies' handbags and fancy stationery."

Motorist—Is there any speed law here?

Native—Naw, you fellers can't get through here any too fast for us.

Mother (to youthful son)—"be careful to wash your face and hands thoroughly—I'm expecting your auntie."

The son—"But suppose she doesn't come?"—Ex.

The students of a South African university were giving a performance of Macbeth in which all the parts were taken by men. The play was timed to commence at eight o'clock. By that time there was a big audience.

After waiting a quarter of an hour for the curtain to go up, the principal sent a messenger to find out what was wrong. The stage manager came in person to explain.

"Very sorry, sir," he said, "but the fact is that Lady MacBeth has scarcely finished shaving."

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A Dressing Room Chat with Amos 'n' Andy

Continued from page 228

Not long after they first met in Durham, N.C., where "Bull Durham" is made, they found themselves just naturally working together, Andy playing the piano and Amos singing. Perfect as is their team work in the stunts they radiate on the air, they are even more fascinating together in person. Beside the dishes was a typewriter. Andy works the machine in preparing the skits that come hot from the keys. Broadcasting from the theatre wherever they may be every night, keeps them busy acts and between meals—working together far into the night, utilizing every stray moment to record and corral the ideas as they come to them. In fact they live the adventures of "Amos 'n' Andy" in a reality that stamps their work with sincerity.

When I asked them jointly and several concerning a favorite poem, two pair of blue eyes were focussed upon me in astonishment. They even blushed through the red paint that provided the chameleon effect on the stage of the magic change from colored people to white, augmented by the lighting effects. While the throngs were waiting outside for the next show. Charles Correll first responded in a deep baritone, "Disrecollect any poems. I dodged speaking in school, but can never forget my school teachers, Miss Bender, and Miss Thompson who still live in Peoria. About the only complete poem I know is "Home, sweet Home." Shall I sing it?" he said smiling as he carved his lettuce. "It has the sentiment," he continued. I'd rather eat that little crust of bread with a little jelly on at home than the biggest feed that was ever recorded on a menu card." He said his while holding aloft of piece of real rye bread. Then came the refrains of "Home, Sweet Home."—on a jewsharp while Amos brought forth a hormanica and joined in between mouthfuls.

Amos was later intent in thought as he played with his napkin and dived into a paper cup of coffee, and consumed fried potatoes that had already absorbed a papel mache platter.

"My favorite quotation is in 'Science and Health' written by Mary Baker Eddy, in which she declares 'Regardless of what others may think or believe I speak from experience.' Experience is the real test."

Freeman Fisher Gosden alias Amos was named for distinguished New England ancestors, one a Freeman and the other an uncle named Fisher.

"When we went on the air four years ago today I never dreamed of talking to people associated with memories and shades of my New England ancestors."

Amos is also related to General Moseby, the famous Confederate cavalry leader, while Charles Correll, alias Andy, is distantly related to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Confederacy. Consequently the Dixie boys "from Atlanta" have a geneological claim to distinguished south-



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An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company

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To build for this new age, the Bell System in 1929 expended more than 550 million dollars. These millions were used to add new plant and further improve service. Hundreds of new buildings, millions of miles of wire, chiefly in cable, eight hundred thousand new telephones—these were some of the items in the year's program of

construction. At the same time, better records were made for speed and accuracy in service.

This American development of instantaneous communication, of fast, far-reaching speech, belongs not to the few, but to the many. It is the aim of the Bell System to permit each personality to express itself without regard to distance.

This is part of the telephone ideal that anyone, anywhere, shall be able to talk quickly and at reasonable cost with anyone, anywhere else. There is no standing still in the Bell System.



ern blood, suh!

As I was leaving, Andy was hammering away at the typewriter and picking his "p's and q's", while Amos was talking like a streak of lightning. The colloquy was built up in the natural sequence of a dialogue.

Unspoiled by their unparalleled success and free from high hat vanity, they continue absorbed in their work and in each other—Amos high strung, slender, with a high-pitched voice which is also adapted for the Kingfish, Lightning, and other characters in their radio comedies. Andy rather stout,

and ever-ready with a chuckle of complacent good nature and satisfaction with himself, is the antithesis of his pal. They were both accompanied on this tour by their wives, but had seen little of their 'Ruby Taylor' and 'Madame Queen' on this pilgrimage to Boston. The farewell feast that they provided the patient spouses was an elaborate spread of pork and beans and pumpkin pie. Outside of this family dissipation they had measured every minute to keep the daily grind of "hot cakes" going for the radio fans who enjoy their "Amos 'n' Andy" with their after-dinner coffee.

Medal for Distinguished Honors in Law

Continued from page 229

ate interpretation of their duty because if the medal were to be awarded for distinguished service rendered in past years, it would call upon a committee to discriminate among perhaps twenty-five eminent members of the Bar in this country who have rendered such service, and it would postpone recognition of service which may be rendered in our time, as the medal is awarded from year to year.

"This award of the medal for the first time is a signal event in the history of the Association.

"I believe that within a few years the medal will rank with those medals of high distinction which are given for the most notable service rendered in this country or in any other; and I believe also that the award of this medal by this Association, after its fifty years of service to the cause of American jurisprudence, is going to bring before the public of the country high purposes, the ideals of the American Bar Association as they have never been brought before."

Sketch of Prof. Williston's Career

Samuel Williston, Dane Professor of Law at the Harvard Law School and first recipient of the American Bar Association Medal, was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, September 24, 1861. He graduated

from Harvard College with the degree of A. B. in 1882, and after three years of teaching entered the Harvard Law School in 1885. He was an editor of the Harvard Law Review in its first volume, received a prize while in the school for his essay on "History of the Law of Business Corporations before 1800" (2 Harvard Law Rev. 105, 149) and graduated with high honor in 1888. He at once entered practice in Boston, in an office with a large commercial practice, and maintained the connection until 1896. In September, 1890 he was made Assistant Professor in the Harvard Law School, and began that brilliant career as teacher of law which has placed him at the very head of his profession. Though during his teaching career of forty years he has taught several other subjects, he is chiefly known as an authority on the law of Contracts. In 1895 he became Professor of Law, in 1903 Weld Professor and since 1919 he has held the Dane Professorship, the premier professorship in law.

Professor Williston is undoubtedly the most successful teacher of law now living who uses the so-called "case method" of instruction. His teaching is clear and persuasive; his pupils are led to accept his conclusions as inevitable; and through his pupils, numbered in tens of thousands, and

practicing in every state, his conclusions have been generally followed by lawyers.

His motto, "a little everyday," illustrates his method. But it does not tell the whole story. The teaching of large classes, while in the belief of many experienced teachers an excellent thing for the pupils, is a severe tax on the physical strength of the teacher; and teaching law by the "case method" is an equally severe tax on the mind. Professor Williston has passed through these tests weekly for forty years, and has preserved the patience, the strength and the sweet reasonableness that is his characteristic; and has given an amount of service to the bench and bar that no other man of his generation has equalled.

Perhaps his greatest service to his profession is his standard treatises on Sales and on Contracts. His treatise on the law of sales was published in 1909; his treatise on the law of Contracts was published in 1920. These books embody the result of a generation spent in thinking and teaching; their chief claim for our gratitude are originality, clearness and force in presentation, and infinite patience and thoroughness in the collection and citation of authorities. They are more than digests of the cases; the text is authoritative, sane and dependable.

Innovation of "Straight Line Distribution"

Continued from page 231

In commenting on a subject with which he is so familiar, he is optimistic concerning American industry, insisting that it is sound, even if there may be a few small worms in the apple.

"Foreign markets are staggering back into a better buying power. We are producing men and women who think, because they have been taught to think. The radio, the movie and all sorts of contrivances designed to keep us up at night, stimulate us mentally in the morning. We live in a big day, and need big plows to turn our furrows. There are few dangers in honest mergers. Size need not frighten us, in banks, in business, or in railroads. There is still a safeguarding competition with a

hundred and twenty million resourceful people. We cannot plow our fields with a forked stick."

In everything he does or writes there is a ring of sincerity and rugged frank honesty that is all-appealing to the alert American mind, which is reflected in his undertakings and achievements.

He has evolved a philosophy of religion and life which can be stated in four simple lines, he told me. Glancing out of the windows from the tower of his building in a reminiscent mood—probably going back over his twenty-five business years—he finally remarked: "On the wall of the bedroom of my aunt, who has seen eighty-three years come and go, hangs this little verse:"

So many gods, so many creeds,
So many paths that wind and wind
When just the art of being kind
Is all this old world needs.

It would seem as if the birth and operation of the Bush idea in caring for export trade and giving the smaller firms and corporations an opportunity of having the advantages of the largest—had come at a providential moment. The year 1930 will mean a push harder in business to make quick turnovers and create new markets to keep American labor steadily employed at good wages during a period of inevitable recession in the home market. The coming year will be a crucial test for the alert and initiative of American business genius.

A Vendetta of the Hills

Continued from page 212

pale. He grabbed Sharkey by the coat sleeve.

"No, no, don't go, I beg of you," he whined. "I was wrong. I spoke in anger. I apologize. Good God, some one or other will get me within an hour if you leave me unprotected. I haven't a single friend—no one to stand by me." There was craven fear in his eyes as he looked timidly around. "I hear the prowling footsteps of my enemies in the night. You alone can save me, Mr. Sharkey."

"Your damned civility comes too late," replied the sleuth, as he shook the clutching hands from his shoulder.

"No, no. Don't say that. Sit down again. See, here is my check book. I'll pay you that money now—I'll double the amount—I'll never haggle with you again. Stay

with me till we go East together."

Sharkey showed himself somewhat mollified. He had played his game well, for after all, cash with him was the main consideration. So smiling over the success of his bluff, he watched the unnerved coward as he tottered to his desk, dropped into a chair and drew the check with slow and painful effort, and then returned with it between his still trembling fingers.

"You'll stand by me, Mr. Sharkey, won't you?"

"Well, no more of that nonsense," was the curt reply, as the sleuth glanced at the slip of paper, then thrust it in his pocket.

To Thurston the reconciliation brought instant relief. He drew himself up; he rubbed his hands; he even attempted a smile.

"That's a good fellow, Sharkey. You

know I've always held you in high esteem. And we'll get that man yet"—the glare of vindictiveness was again in his eyes, the rasp of accustomed irritability was returning to his voice. "We'll get him, I say, even if it costs double the money I've already spent. And that devil of a girl, too—I hate her more than ever now. She'll pay for her insults tonight with her lover's life. Remember, Sharkey, no more chances. When you get the scoundrel within gunshot, it's up to you."

"Yes; twenty thousand if you shoot him like a dog, and let me get away from this damned place. I have come to loathe the very name of it. Well, spread your cot now across my door. I'll try to get an hour's sleep. Good night."

And Ben Thurston disappeared into the inner room.

To Be Continued Next Month

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Some of the Many Thousands of Letters Received

W. A. Clements,
464 Wilnot Ave.,
Bridgeport, Conn.

An American, the son of one of General Grant's
soldiers, wants to thank you for your program this
date. It was wonderful. Your hour on the air was
the best I ever heard. Again I thank you.

J. H. Elwell,
33 Brewster Road,
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Your Sunday presentation of the Hays regime was
a masterpiece, not only in voice, but by the authen-
ticity of facts. Please accept my great thanks to
you and the station WEEI from which this perfect
radio casting was made possible.

Watson M. Ayers,
Danvers, Mass.

I had the privilege and pleasure of listening to
you last evening over the radio at WEEI, Boston, on
"Face to Face with our Presidents." You did splen-
dently in reproducing the spirit of the times. I am
a retired minister of the New England Methodist
Conference in my 97th year, able to take an interest
in what is going on in town, state, country and
world. You have first class talent in reproducing
characters vividly. I anticipate hearing you next
Sunday night.

Mrs. John W. Patrick,
634 Prospect St.,
Methuen, Mass.

Your broadcasts are wonderful. When your half
hour is over, I have that same feeling I experience
after a good turkey dinner—I have taken in mind
something on which to feed and something that can be
digested and so do me good mentally. We people
who cannot see do certainly appreciate these won-
derful choice things which come to us over the air
from such brainy and busy men. Your voice, too
carries well, and every word is so distinctly enun-
ciated.

W. S. Preyer,
W. S. Preyer & Co.,
Buffalo, N. Y.

Your radio broadcasting received splendidly and
comments of friends and associates very flattering
to you and we look forward with eagerness to con-
tinuation of your program. Such talks as you are
giving are particularly interesting to young America.

J. Milnor Walmsley,
Union Trust Building,
Rochester, N. Y.

I desire to express my sincere thanks to the Na-
tional Broadcasting Co. and to Mr. Chapple for a
program that is not only a wonderful entertainment,
but is most interesting from an educational stand-
point. I do not think the program can be im-
proved.

H. G. Robertson,
33 Carver St.,
Springfield, Mass.

You surely have that happy faculty of making one
forget one's self and see through your eyes; it is
indeed a pleasure to listen to your vivid descriptions.

G. Campbell Bensley,
1a Ivy St.,
Boston, Mass.

I wish to thank you for the enjoyment we have
derived from your Sunday afternoon programs. I
think of all programs, barring none, we have en-
joyed yours the most. The personal touch and in-
sight into the life and character of the great men
of our day has been a delightful inspiration. I am
fifteen years old and a freshman in the Jamaica
Plain High School agricultural course.

Helen F. Seiwick,
3 Acton St.,
Maynard, Mass.

Your talks are indeed enlightening for although
one may have read a great deal of the life of many
of whom you speak somehow you seem to have
always come in closer touch and to know some
little interesting thing that one would get in no
other way. Though one may have looked upon the
very scene you describe, you somehow have viewed
it with different eyes and in a different light. One
is sure to become enlightened by what you have
to say.

R. Wright,
Summer St.,
Boston, Mass.

Joe Chapple certainly makes your heart throb.
The best talks I've heard on the radio.

Mrs. Philip P. Lund,
810 E. 3rd St.,
South Boston, Mass.

I have enjoyed Mr. Chapple's most inspiring talks.

H. A. Merion,
Hotel La Salle,
Boston, Mass.

I listen in and have a wonderful time when you
are on the air. I call it My Enchanted Hour.

Mrs. Eva W. Schneider,
33 Wetherbee Ave.,
Lowell, Mass.

I was very much interested and greatly pleased
with your broadcast last Sunday afternoon. I hope
to listen to many more in the future.

Geo. H. Shea,
309 North Ave.,
No. Abington, Mass.

Your half hour "on the air" today has turned a
dull day into an interesting one. Since hearing you
speak, a few years ago, at Boston University, I have
been interested in whatever you have to say or
write.

H. B. Daviss,
Lawyer, Corsicana, Texas.

Chanced to "tune in" on your lecture "Face to
Face with our Presidents" and enjoyed every word
of your lecture, with its interspersed music, etc. I
shall give myself the pleasure of listening in to the
remainder of your talks. Indeed, I very genuinely
enjoyed this personal touch with you, for such it
seemed.

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A NATION-WIDE SELLER

Joe Mitchell Chapple's New Book, "Favorite Heart Throbs," Reviewed in a New York Dispatch, Broadcast by the United Press to Newspapers All Over the Country

The UNITED PRESS sent out the following dispatch from New York concerning this noteworthy new book "Favorite Heart Throbs."

"Joe Mitchell Chapple of Boston, writer and publisher, who has 'looked into the hearts of 50,000 people,' has collected poems for a book called 'Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People.' An amazing array of notables have confided in Chapple.

"President Hoover's favorite, 'The Fisherman,' from Ed-die Guest's 'Just Folks,' recites a conversation between two men who met 'along a stream that raced and ran' in ear-shot of 'the pipes o' pan' and admired each other's trout.

'Out here,' he told, with a smile,
'Away from all the city's sham,
The strife for splendor and for style,
The ticker and the telegram,
I come for just a little while
To be exactly as I am.'

"The President's second favorite poem is 'The Fishing Cure' a sequel to the first one.

"The Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis, sang his favorite poem to Chapple. It is 'Home, Sweet Home.'

"The lines Henry Ford carries in his mind most are from the 'Psalm of Life' and go:

Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate.

"Henry Ford leans to Longfellow, also has a weakness for Whittier's 'Maud Muller,' who on a summer's day raked the meadows sweet with hay and unseen by automobile tourists.

"Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, likes:

'Still sits the schoolhouse by the road.'

"Thomas A. Edison finds his heart-throb in 'Evangeline.' The inventor of the electric light is fond of the whole poem, but likes particularly:

'Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.'

"Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, retiring star of the Department of Justice, does not give her life wholly to pro-saic court proceedings. Her favorite verse is from the Bible, second Timothy:

"'For God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and love and of a sound mind.'"

From the Musical Courier, New York City.

Joe Mitchell Chapple, who has collected a book of verse, en-titled "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" says that

one night at the opera he heard Mr. Johnson humming a song without words while waiting for his cue, and in answer to a request as to his heart throb, the tenor replied: "I hardly realized that Shelley's 'Skylark' was one of my most cherished poems until I found myself repeating it at these intervals and applying it to others as well as myself. The poem is a sublime contrasting of human emotions and is radiant with enthusiasm and idealism." Mr. Chapple observes that it seems to him quite fitting that a singer should enjoy the music of "The Skylark," for, as the poet Wordsworth said of the same little feathered songster, "There is joy divine in that song of thine."

From the Boston Herald.

Whatever else Joe Mitchell Chapple does in the field of authorship—and the total is becoming impressive in addition to his work as editor, lecturer, traveller, etc.—he promises to be known to posterity as "the heart-throb man." His "Heart Throbs" and "More Heart Throbs" of early years go on forever like the brook. They have gone into a million homes and now he adds a third volume to the series. It is "Favorite Heart Throbs of Famous People" which contains the bits of verse closest to the hearts of two hundred and fifty eminent Americans. The list is as broad as Mr. Chapple's friendships and interests in life. It includes statesmen, captains of industry, bishops, uni-versity presidents, opera queens, famous authors, football coaches and so on through the professions and fields of work. Each person represented is given a pleasant little biographical sketch, for Joe Chapple knows them all. It is a great book, loaded with friendliness and wholesale senti-ment through its 415 pages.

From the Los Angeles, Calif. Express.

Poetic heart throbs of nearly two hundred persons (the great and the near great) are included in this collection.

Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" heads the list with eight choices. Follows Kipling's "If" with five and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" with four. Poems of James Whitcomb Riley inspired but three of the 200 persons, selections from the Bible were named by three.

Most of the actors drew on Shakespeare, this Bard of Avon being honored seven times. Longfellow was given six votes with different poems, Whittier five, Burns three, Poe two and Kipling three besides "If."

Gray's "Elegy" appealed to a publisher, novelist, politic-ian, poet, merchant, governor, Congressman, railroad presi-dent and philanthropist.

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(Address) _____

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JOE MITCHELL CHAPPLE

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Celotex Lath, used underneath the handsome plastered surfaces of this room, protects the beauty of the walls from disfiguring cracks and lath marks.

Plastered Walls of Enduring Beauty

*... free from unsightly
cracks
and lath marks*



*Celotex Lath protects your walls and makes
your home more enjoyable to live
in all year 'round.*



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Attics lined with Celotex Lath transform wasted space into pleasant, livable rooms. The rigid units are light and easy to apply. Where attic space is limited, you can keep the whole house more comfortable by nailing Celotex Lath to the attic floor joists and stopping the costly leakage of furnace heat.

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When your walls are plastered over Celotex Lath, the handsome surface finishes are protected from cracks and lath marks.

Celotex Lath comes in units, measuring 18 inches by 4 feet. The size of these units and their overlapping joints eliminate the unsightly, streaky appearance that so often occurs with old fashioned lath.

All Celotex products are made from the long, tough fibres of cane, with millions of tiny sealed air cells that produce their remarkable insulating effect . . . that shut bitter cold and scorching sun's rays out of your home. In years to come you save hundreds of dollars in fuel bills by preventing the costly leakage of furnace heat with Celotex.

Your architect, dealer or builder will explain how Celotex Lath can be used in building your new home . . . or in remodeling the home you are living in now. Get in touch with him at your first opportunity.

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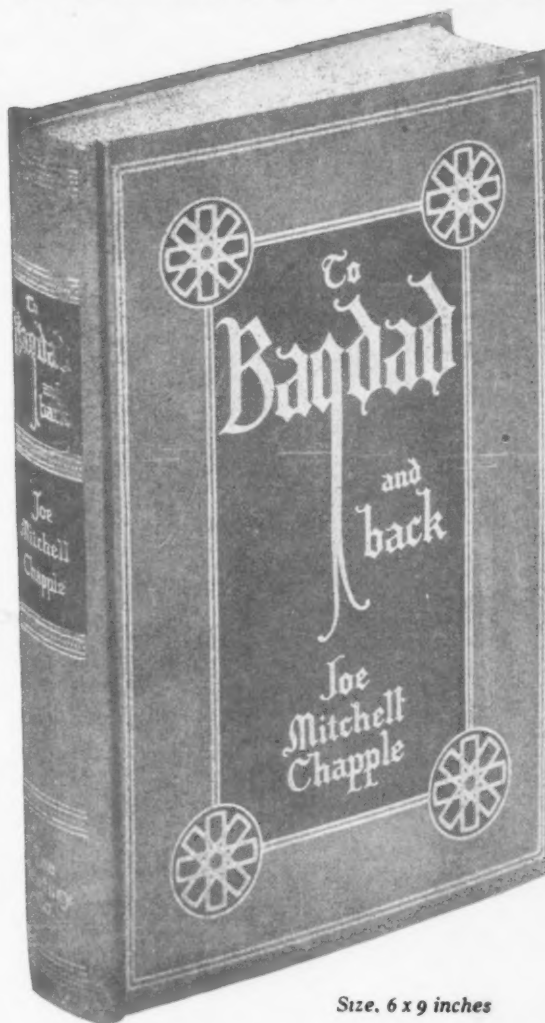
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In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flow'd back with me,
The forward-flowing tide of time,
And many a sheeny summer morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdad's shrines of fretted gold,
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For it was in the golden prime
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—Tennyson



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Romulus and Remus told of the
mythical origin of Rome. Older
than the temples among whose
ruins Mary and the Child sought
shelter from the wrath of Herod;
old, nay, hoary with age—when
Moses, the Infant of the Nile,
led forth half a million freed
slaves and gave them an Empire
and a Book."

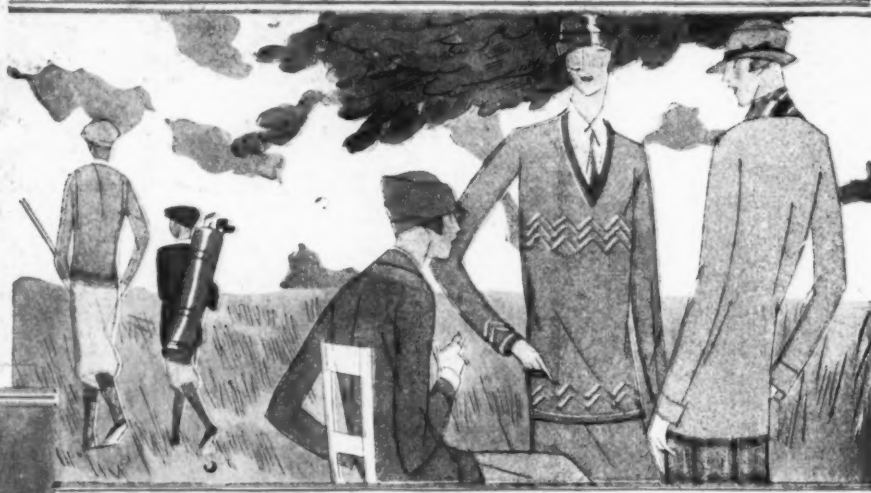
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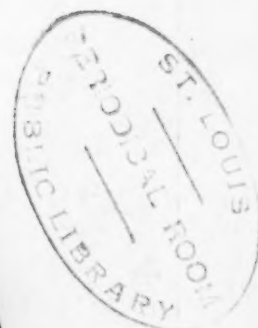
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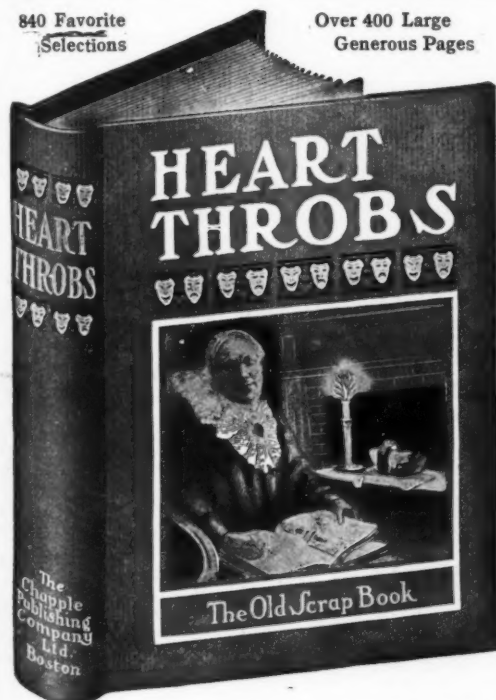
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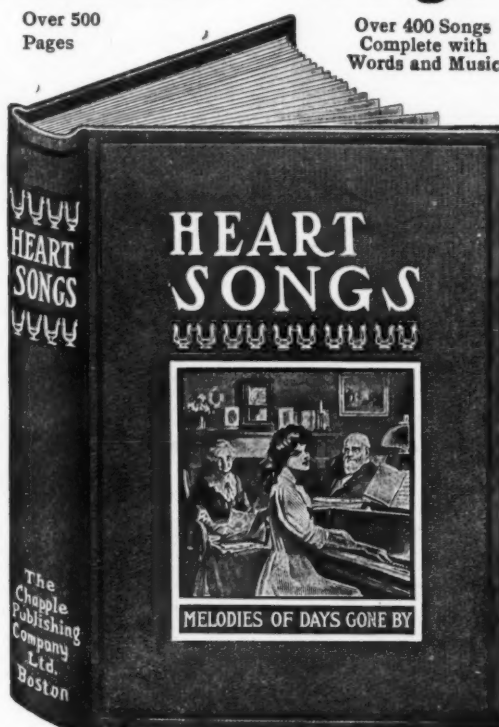
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I SIT alone in my garden,
I tune my harp and I sing;
Who Knows the cries of the woodland?
The moon brings her gold to me.

Never Ending friend

MY dear, dear moon!
You're my only friend;
When I go, you go with me.
Whether rich or poor,
You never leave me;
When I'm lone and sorrowful,
You shine to greet me,
But the rude dark cloud
Often comes to screen you;
I wish I might call the Wind-God
To blow it away.

By Chung Park Lum
Author of "GREEN WILLOW"

